# Saturday Review of Literature

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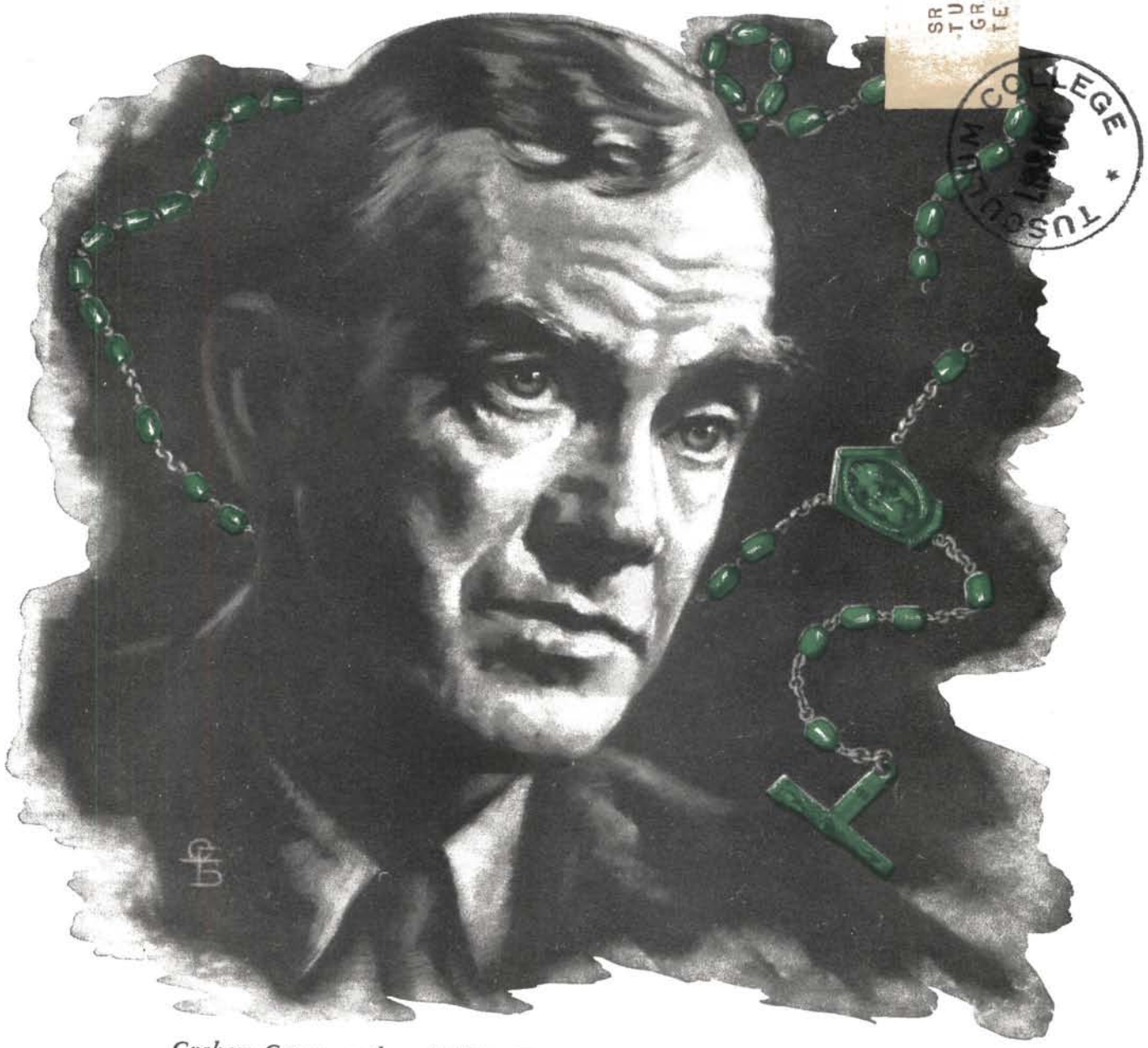

*Graham Green, author of "The Heart of the Matter."* *(See page 8)*

## *World Peace Authority*

By SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN


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# This Week

*July 10, 1948*

**Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien**

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IN NO country outside the United States do college textbooks play so important a role in a university education. The business of producing them is strictly a twentieth-century phenomenon, but there is no doubt that they are here to stay. Just as a liberal education—as recently redefined by the Harvard Report—is an effort to provide an organized introduction to the world's knowledge, so the college textbook is an attempt to provide an organized introduction to a branch, or it may be to a sub-sub-branch, of the same knowledge. College textbooks, and the steadily increasing number of college departments in publishing houses, exist because the majority of professors have found this kind of introduction nearly indispensable—whether it be to advanced monetary theory or to the entire field of the social sciences. Just how nearly indispensable, perhaps, no one knew until the days of the recent Great Textbook Shortage. But certainly many teachers would have agreed before then with a distinguished professor of history who observed that only a textbook could 'cover the necessary ground, give essential coherence to the whole course and at the same time solve the financial problems involved.'

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*Edited by* C. GORDON POST, FRANCES P. DELANCY, and FREDRYC R. DARBY

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# TRADE Winds

**FOR MANY YEARS** Ted Geisel (known in juvenile circles as "Dr. Seuss") had been urging his father to come to see him in California. "The roses in my patio are beautiful. The camellias defy description," he wrote. They existed only in his imagination, but he never expected his father to make the trip and check for himself. "My own garden is good enough for me," his father would say. When Geisel, Sr., suddenly wired, "Arriving Monday," Ted, therefore, had three days to make good his boast. By raiding all the local florists and squandering most of the royalties from "McElligot's Pool," Ted accomplished the job. When Mr. Geisel arrived, the grounds looked like the setting for "Blossom Time."

Mr. Geisel, however, paid scant heed to roses or camellias. What he wanted to see was the Geisel dinosaur track. When he found it firmly established in the middle of the garden, he retired, well satisfied, for a scotch and soda. The history of that track is a poignant one.

Mr. Geisel is superintendent of public parks in Springfield, Massachusetts. About 1939, someone digging in a stone quarry in nearby Holyoke discovered a mess of bona-fide dinosaur tracks, and Mr. Geisel persuaded the city fathers to buy about forty of them for children and employees of G. & C. Merriam to gaze at when they gambol on the lawns. With his own money, he bought the one track left over and sent it to his son as a present. His son's friends had bored him one evening by boasting of their antiques; Mr. Geisel figured that this antique would end all further discussion of the subject. "It's fifty million years old," he exulted. Then he looked up the records at Yale and corrected himself. "Slight error," he wired. "It's a *hundred* and fifty million years old."

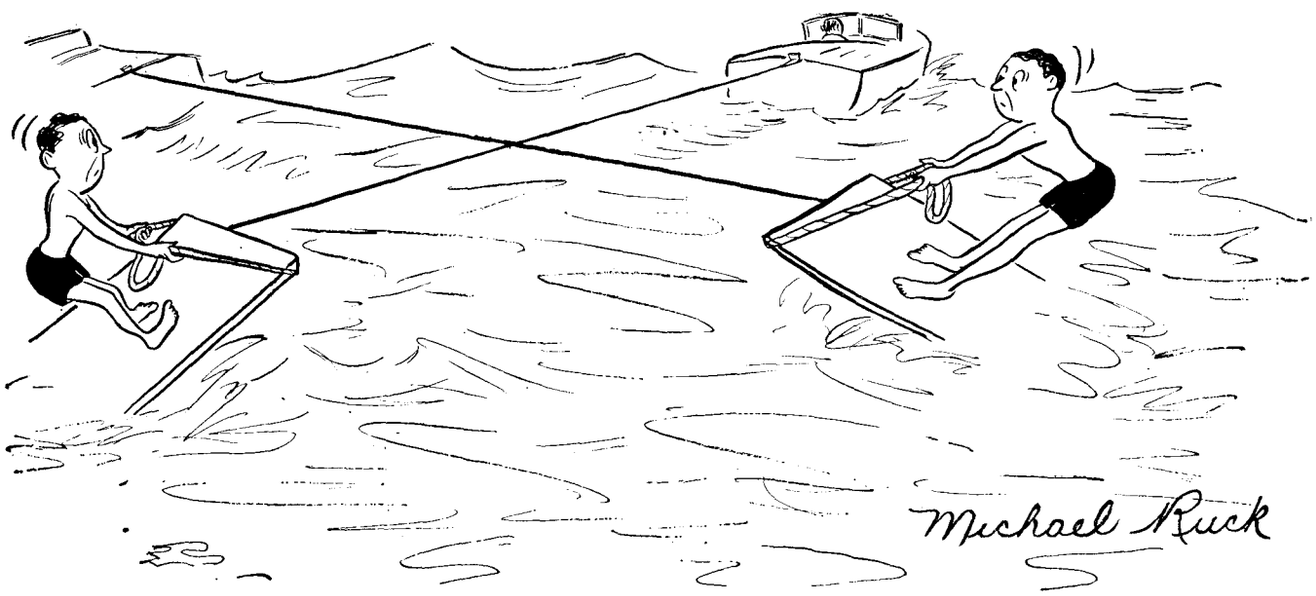
When the dinosaur track arrived in New York (Ted and his wife Helen lived then on Park Avenue) a crowd had gathered outside the entrance. The rumor had gotten round that *Dinah Shore* was on her way. The track was a fearful anticlimax to everyone but the doorman, who broke his thumb carrying it upstairs. He settled for a hundred dollars.

A dinosaur track didn't seem just right in the drawing room, so Ted proposed cementing it in the wall outside, and hanging friends out of the windows by their toes to kiss it, in Blarney Stone fashion. The unimaginative owner of the building did not think this was a good idea, so the doorman carried it back downstairs, breaking his thumb again in the process. This time he doubled the ante.

The track remained in storage until the young Geisels migrated to California. Helen loaded it into the Oldsmobile as an afterthought, where it promptly broke two springs. Ted crawled under to survey the damage, also, possibly, to see the other side of the track.

Well, it's now firmly planted in Hollywood (Ted couldn't lift it by himself, so enlisted the services of a passing Marine, who also broke his thumb) and Geisel, Sr., has returned to Springfield to supervise the summer baseball, golf, tennis, and swimming programs. The rose bushes and the camellias have gone back to the florists. And Ted, anxious to forget about dinosaurs, has concentrated on a tale about Thidwick, the Big-Hearted Moose. It's wonderful. . . .

**PRODUCER MAX GORDON** sent a scout to cover the performance of a new English actor in Philadelphia. "I sat in the second row," reported the scout, "but I couldn't understand a single word he said." Gordon persisted. "Outside of that, how was he?" . . . From Garland Hicks: "At my boss's physique we no longer laugh, for he is a peak on the Kinsey graph." . . . All the way from France, E. G. Breeze writes, "Recent 'historical' novels strike me as the Adam and Eve brand: after you've Adam you Eve." . . . Chris Morley's new story, "Miss Libby," features a heroine just turned sixty-two, but still a radiant and naive ingenue. Miss Libby, in short, is the Statue of Liberty. . . . Harvey Breit, of *The New York Times*, can't understand why F. Van Wyck Mason, with two children, should be chosen "Literary Father of the Year" when Hervey Allen and Erskine Caldwell have three, and Evelyn Waugh and F. P. A. have four. Ah, for the good old days! Alexandre Dumas is said to have had twenty. . . . Add to famous *Variety* headlines: An Irish radio star indulged in a series of five-day binges. *Variety's* story was captioned "The Unstrung Harp." . . . Ed Gardner, on Duffy's Tavern, described his wife as "Nature's revenge on Peeping Tom." . . . And Henry Morgan returned from a week end complaining bitterly about the ten-year-old son of the host. "The fool kid," he grumbled, "kept empty-



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"But I'm Third Party."

ing ashtrays all day long." "What's wrong with that?" asked a friend. "I think it shows a cooperative spirit." "You don't understand," sighed Morgan. "He emptied them into his mouth." . . .

**IN 1944, A GROUP OF** avant-garde students at Harvard brought out a super-sophisticated literary magazine called *Wake*. Campus wits hooted, but critics detected promise. The magazine has survived, and now the current editors, Seymour Lawrence, '48, John Hawkes, Jr., '47, and John A. Rogers, '49, plan to take *Wake* with them when they graduate, and try for national acceptance. The current issue (Number 6) includes contributions by Conrad Aiken, E. E. Cummings, John Rogers, W. Carlos Williams, and José Garcia Villa. It sells for a dollar, and may be obtained from the Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47th Street, New York 19. . . . Another new experimental magazine is *Neurotica,* published at 4438½ Olive Street, St. Louis 8. The first issue is a sell-out, with a second printing going fast. Feature is a startling piece by Rudolph Friedmann, called "The End of Feeling." *Neurotica* sells for fifty cents a copy. . . . The magazine business may be in the doldrums, but there always will be enthusiastic newcomers ready to take a chance. More power to them! . . . The editor of a budding quarterly sought advice from an old grad, now head of a giant advertising agency. "What's your circulation?" asked the ad-man. "About three thousand," replied the editor. "Shucks, you'll never make an impression with a figure like that," said the ad-man. "For conversational purposes, why don't you quadruple it?" "What," gasped the editor. *"Again?"*...

**AT A PUBLISHERS' LUNCHEON,** someone suggested a new kind of hearts game: each publisher would have the privilege of passing to the player at his right three particular pernickety authors he would like to discard. The game never got started. Every publisher present insisted on making his own pet hate the queen of spades! . . . At a swank party celebrating the success of "Mister Roberts," neat speeches were made by Leland Hayward, Josh Logan, and Henry Fonda. When Author Tom Heggen was called upon, however, he was too embarrassed to say a word. A sympathetic audience waited patiently. Finally Howard Dietz suggested, "Tell them how you happened to write 'Mister Roberts,' Tom." Heggen cleared his throat nervously, and answered, "Hell, I was on this —— transport. . . ." That was all he said, but it won the party's biggest roar of laughter. . . . It has been suggested that "Town Meeting of the Air" add a series of operas to its repertoire. The first program, of course, would be "Townhauser." . . .

Mr. Sam Goldwyn, intent upon acquiring the picture rights of "Oklahoma!" from Dick Rodgers, is reputed to have told him, "Of course, everybody in the world today knows that 'Oklahoma!' is a great property. But I knew it five minutes after the curtain rose on the opening night. I knew it the minute that young fellow came onto the stage and sang, 'Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning'."

BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

# World Peace Authority

## Are There Any Experts in the Field of International Relations?

SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN

NOWADAYS every self-respecting university offers courses in international relations, and a number of them maintain institutes for advanced study and research in that field. Yet in spite of its wide acceptance in academic circles, it is a relatively new and still amorphous subject.

I am increasingly impressed with this each time I attend a conference of specialists in international relations. As I look over those of my colleagues who rank as leaders by reason of their length of service and their scholarly contributions, I realize that they constitute the pioneers in the field. Almost without exception, they had originally been trained in other disciplines. Professor Smith, for example, had studied and taught history as a young man; at the outset of his career, Mr. Jones had regarded himself as a political scientist; Professor Doe had established something of a reputation as the youthful gadfly of philosophy; while even to this day Dr. Roe often refers to himself as an economist. All four had been obliged to find their own way in unfamiliar intellectual surroundings when they shifted to international relations a generation or more ago, while it was first gaining a foothold in academic quarters.

No matter what field they hailed from, all had been confused and bewildered by an ancient body of knowledge which they assumed was to be the background of their new field—"international law." The way each man regarded—and continues to regard—"international law" depends upon the kind of early training he had.

Professor Smith, as a matter of fact, now pays little attention to "international law." As an historian, he is only too well aware that medieval Christendom, which in its day claimed to embody a system of universal or world law, broke up about 1500, and that ever since mankind has been living in a kind of constitutional vacuum. In their relations with one another, the sovereign states which divided the medieval inheritance were governed not by any law but by considerations of power, power held in precarious balance by the skill of practitioners trained in the school of Machiavelli. Whenever Professor Smith's interest in ideas carries him back into distant times, he may inquire into the Stoic origins of the concept of natural law and trace its survival in the vicissitudes of the post-Renaissance "Law of Nations." But that is the extent of his occupation with "international law."

Mr. Jones, the political scientist, looks more closely at "international law." He is interested in it particularly as it has manifested itself in international relations since 1792, when the great powers first grouped themselves into a coalition against the French Revolution. He realizes full well that from Vienna in 1815 to San Francisco in 1945 the great powers have been concerned only in getting their own way and have blocked all efforts made by smaller powers to bring them under the rule of a law common to all nations.

**Sir Alfred Zimmern: "We still have it in our power to make it a twilight of dawn."**

As a philosopher, Professor Doe is eager to reconcile the freedom of the individual and the authority of the community as expressed through its laws. More clearly than his colleagues, he understands that thus far the problem has been approached only as it concerns internal relations within the individual states. He is quite aware that, since there is no community feeling among mankind as a whole comparable to that felt among Americans or Englishmen or Frenchmen, it is confusing and profitless to use the word "law" in speaking of relations among nations.

ONLY Dr. Roe takes "international law" very seriously and that is because the nature of economics compels him to take a global view of his problems. He realizes that, in spite of the continuing rivalry between power-hungry states, within the last 150 years the world has grown increasingly interdependent in its economic life. From this he concludes that sooner or later this interdependence will be reflected in political organization. But he is not certain that this worldwide political system will be based upon a constitution. He concedes that it is possible interdependence may produce, willy-nilly, a unified world in which no such thing as law exists!

Because they are unable to take what should be the backbone of their subject very seriously, conscientious specialists in international relations cannot help feeling that there is a serious weakness in their intellectual output. When they speak of "international law" in their teaching and writing, they find themselves in what is essentially a false position. They find it difficult to show that it is worth studying, even more difficult to justify its title. For whatever "international law" is, it most assuredly is not law



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he sense that the ordinary, law-
ling citizen understands the term.
ow there is really a good deal of
son for studying "international
." If you will glance at the table
contents of any of the numerous
ıdard treatises on the subject—all
them necessarily bear a striking
ily resemblance—you will find
ed rules governing relations be-
en the nations: privileges and im-
ities of ambassadors and other
oys; recognition of new govern-
its not established under normal
stitutional conditions; procedures
be followed at international con-
sses and conferences; definitions
inguishing between such tools of
omacy as a note and an aide-
noire, a protocol and a treaty. In
standard treatises you will find
s about territorial waters, quar-
ine, copyright, foreign postage, and
innumerable other matters which
interdependence of states makes
ryday problems. All of them are
erally followed for reasons of sheer
venience by even the most self-
ed and isolationist states. These
ernments agreed to them, of course,
ause they in no way seriously cur-
ed their independence in their in-
ıal affairs or their relations with
er nations. If they find them in-
venient for any reason—whether
reason is morally justifiable or
—they may disregard them tempo-
ly, just as fire engines dash past
lights on their way to a four-
m fire. But because the rules are
tomarily obeyed, all foreign serv-
officers and others professionally
cerned with diplomacy must study
ernational law."

ERTAINLY if the specialists in
"international law" would recog-
these rules for what they are—a
e of diplomatic etiquette, a set of
ctical expedients subject to practi-
limitations—and would content
nselves with expounding them un-
tentiously, they would spare them-
es a lot of frustration and the
ld a good deal of confusion. What
ates and frustrates the "interna-
ıal lawyers" and confuses their
ow citizens is their insistence that
n they talk about "international
" they are actually interpreting

would be worth our while to take
lose look at the word "law." Law
be defined, I believe, as the social
ipline which a people applies to
lf. Two elements are present: the
ımunity on the one hand and the
ividual citizen on the other. Be-
se of this constitutional founda-
ı, a law is a social rule which over-
s every other kind of social obli-
ion.

Now in "international law" neither the community nor the individual is present. "International law" is, indeed, simply a group of agreements that have been subscribed to by the *governments* of a number of separate communities. Only in exceptional cases do these agreements touch individuals directly. Thus "international law" may be international, but it most assuredly is not law.

"International law" is simply not adequate for the Atomic Age. During the last three decades it has allowed two world wars to occur, wars divided by a period too unsettled to be described as peace. At this moment "international law" is permitting modern men to be threatened with a third great conflict waged with new and horrible weapons. One of these weapons has already made hundreds of thousands of victims in a single blast; another, the experts tell us, is capable of annihilating the whole of mankind, together with all other living matter on the planet.

If the human race is to survive in these circumstances, modern men must band together in self-protection. They must establish a social rule against war and the threat of war, against behavior that—no matter how Grotius and his successors among "international lawyers" may have regarded it—is assuredly *anti-social* in the strictest sense of that term.

To make and enforce such a social rule, men must do two things. First, they must accept a concept of law that involves two elements—the community of the whole world and the individuals in it. I prefer to call this law "world law," so as to avoid confusion with "international law." Second, to enforce "world law," modern men must establish a world police authority on a constitutional basis and with clearly defined responsibilities to mankind as a whole.

Will establishment of "world law" and a world police authority mean that citizens of civilized states repudiate their existing loyalties and responsibilities to their respective political communities? Will it mean that their political communities will play a lesser role in their everyday lives than they now do? In both cases the answer is: No.

Establishment of "world law" will mean simply that over and above loyalty and responsibility to their present community, men will owe a duty to their fellow men as a whole, to "all the men in all the lands." The duty, in the ancient Greek phrase, will be a double one: first of insuring their fellow men's survival and then of promoting their well-being.

Establishment of "world law" will strengthen the present political structure of the world. In the Atomic Age, order must be maintained everywhere for any government in any land to be able to function. A world police authority, enforcing "world law," will give the citizens of all the lands what they have needed desperately for two generations: freedom from fear. Assurance of peace and security will give new zest to life and social activities of every kind, whether they are national, local, functional, or regional in scope.

Now, it is not difficult for the average citizen of the Atomic Age to accept the notion of "world law" and a world police authority for the maintenance of world order. Men trained to think in terms of the diplomatic practice of sovereign states, however, are unnerved by it. Talk of "world law" seems to them to hark back to the past—a Roman, unconstitutional, undemocratic past.

Thus it is that "international lawyers," far from leading mankind's progress, today are actually holding it back; they are truly conservatives, indeed, reactionaries. So accustomed are they to thinking along a set pattern that they are unwilling—in the

## *In the Humor of Death*

**By Witter Bynner**

WHAT good will this memory do me
When I take it into the grave?
And these thoughts that wander through me—
Will there be one to save?

I feel an answer in my girth,
In the navel of my middle:
We are the stars as well as the earth,
We are both bow and fiddle.

It matters not our being born
Or being unborn or dead.
Who can have time to be forlorn
When death has gone to his head?



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words of Elihu Root—to admit the need for "a fundamental change in the principle to be applied to international breaches of the peace." "The view now assumed and generally held," Root wrote Colonel House on August 16, 1918, "is that the use of force by one nation to another is a matter in which only the two nations concerned are primarily interested."

This was the view obstinately adhered to by Professor Halvdan Koht in April 1940, when, as foreign minister of Norway, he protested the action of the British Government in interfering with the German traffic in iron ore within Norwegian territorial waters. He did this only a short time after Germany had violated a whole parcel of treaties and destroyed the whole fabric of European peace—an offense against the moral system of which law is but a part. At that very moment the Germans were using those same territorial waters to proceed to the seizure of Norwegian harbors and the enslavement of the Norwegian people. Yet Professor Koht, he has since told us, had actually decided to give orders to the Norwegian Navy which involved a serious risk of a conflict with the British Navy, which was at that time playing the part of a world police force.

If Professor Koht had deliberately tried, he could not have shown more clearly the difference between "world law" and diplomatic etiquette. If he had tried, he could not have demonstrated more vividly that, however desirable insistence on obedience to traffic lights may be for the routine of everyday life, it is a crime against mankind when the whole town is on the point of being wiped out by a conflagration.

"The requisite change"—again to quote Elihu Root—"is an abandonment of . . . [the traditional] view and a universal, formal, and irrevocable acceptance of the view that an international breach of the peace is a matter which concerns every member of the community of nations. . . . *At the basis of every community lies the idea of organization to preserve the peace. Without that idea really active and controlling there can be no community of individuals or as nations.* [Italics mine.] It is the gradual growth of this idea of community interest in preventing and punishing breaches of the peace which has done away with private war among civilized people."

The far-reaching implications of these words were not generally understood at the time. True, Root's suggestion was embodied in Article XI of the League of Nations Covenant, which asserted that "any war or

(*Continued on page 27*)

**Fiction.** *The lead novel reviewed this week, Graham Greene's "Heart of the Matter," is certain to be widely read in this country. Thous of American readers know this fluent writer for his immensely popular n dramatic novels of the secret service, "The Stamboul Train," "The Confide Agent," etc. They are unaware that his reputation as a story-teller, in tradition of brutal and heroic deeds, is now overshadowed, in the opi of British and American critics, by a new contribution to contemporary li ture, the search for the soul and nature of the man consecrated to an i His new novel has the outward trappings of the jungle-shrouded, purgat colonies beloved by English novelists. Its inner nature is a subtle and mo account of the downfall of a virtuous man betrayed by his innate kind*

# *A God-Smitten Man*

*THE HEART OF THE MATTER. By Graham Greene. New York: The Viking Press.* 1948. 306 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

GRAHAM GREENE belongs to that rare and happy breed of writers whose excellences disarm criticism. He is first of all a frank story-teller who makes no apology for setting a swift narrative pace. Few living authors surpass him as a discerner of spiritual subtleties, and he is admittedly a stylist in the ever-to-be-envied English manner. These gifts, cordially remarked by readers of his earlier novel "The Power and the Glory," will be found again, heightened and intensified, in "The Heart of the Matter"—a work that will unquestionably add another cubit to Mr. Greene's creative stature.

Narrative tempo, subtlety of perception, and a prose-master's style would be more than enough, one might think, to account for Mr. Greene's mounting reputation. Yet none of these gifts, either singly or in combination, explain the strength of the claim that this writer makes upon our attention, or disclose the nature of his contribution to the contemporary novel. What then is the charismatic secret of this man whose name is quite properly being bracketed with those of Mauriac, Faulkner, and Kafka?

The simple truth appears to be that Graham Greene has rediscovered, and put to his own uses, some extremely vital novelistic material. While lesser writers—a few of them able and sincere—struggle to extend the boundaries of a played-out naturalism; and while others desperately traverse the dark pastures of psychopathology, Mr. Greene calmly takes possession of a rich but long-neglected field quite near at hand. This field, to give it a l tion and a name, is the soul of God-smitten man. Surveying this rain, Mr. Greene reveals both the measurability of man's spirit and still vaster stretch of God's love. an audience weary of inch-worm n ralism and the vernier-scale obse tions of psychoanalysis, Mr. Gree spiritual dimensions are refreshi wide and welcome.

Not that he casts his work in he bronze. Quite the contrary. The n striking aspect of Graham Gree

**FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 26**

*A cryptogram is writing in ciph Every letter is part of a code th remains constant throughout t puzzle. Answer No. 264 will found in the next issue.*

N EMNBFGA HMCAFZ F

FZM DPF OMKNAMA

PRQAMBS RZ XPM TNRZ

NZO RYZFKBM MSSFCX X

ORAWCMORX FXPMCA.

NCWPRKNBO CGXBMOYM

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 26***

The whole secret of life is to l interested in one thing profound and in a thousand things well.

HUGH WALPOL



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talent is his ability to disclose by means of colloquial speech and (for the most part) commonplace incident, the profound entelechy of God's way with man. This knack of understanding the supernatural is given superb illustration in "The Heart of the Matter." Major Scobie, the hero of the tale, is a middle-aged police official in a run-down British colony on the West Coast of Africa. "Poor old Scobie," his colleagues call him; to all appearances he is an utterly undistinguished piece of human furniture. Fiftyish, tired of knocking at preferment's door, and hopelessly out of love with an unattractive wife, Mr. Greene's protagonist is a challenge that few novelists would dare set for themselves—or their readers.

Quietly, however, and with enormous narrative skill, the author begins fastening his loops about us. Before we are finally bound to the stake alongside Major Scobie, we discover that he is a man endowed with an overwhelming sense of pity, and that his unwillingness to cause suffering in another human being is the secret character flaw (if it be a flaw) that determines his fate. We see also that he is an official of blameless honesty and a man of unstained personal purity. Furthermore he is a devout Catholic, the possessor of a talent for religion which

foredooms him to suffer, dare, love, and understand in particular ways—and to martyr-like degrees—made clear to us by Mr. Greene's insight and artistry.

"The Heart of the Matter" moves forward with the stalking terror of a Sophoclean tragedy. Mr. Greene coolly proposes that his hero shall break, one by one, the tablets of the moral law that he respects so highly: that he shall become, in short, a sinner. And no dabbler in venial sin either. By exquisitely casual steps, Major Scobie becomes an adulterer, a defamer of the Blessed Sacrament (he receives Holy Communion while in the state of mortal sin), and finally a suicide. In breaking this last most-fatal canon against self-slaughter, Scobie condemns his soul to everlasting Hell.

Major Scobie's unfolding ordeal is a painful spectacle, yet it is strangely relieved for the reader who perceives the author's intended symbolism. Perhaps it is too explicit to say that Mr. Greene equates his hero with the universal "philosophic man" who must always seem to fail in the battle against the complex evil in the world. And it may be going too far to suggest—though the idea keeps recurring to me—that Major Scobie is, in his obscure station, an all-suffering *alter Christus*. But whatever the depth or radiant power of the symbolism, it comes very close to "the heart of the matter" that Mr. Greene is writing about. And at the end of his tale the author intimates, not too obliquely, that God is quite competent to perform the necessary miracle of forgiveness that lies at the core of His love for erring mankind.

If I may close on a modest note of dispraise, I might say that Mr. Greene cements together this powerful and original material with binders slightly too exotic and melodramatic for my north-temperate taste. I have never subscribed to the literary convention that white men deteriorate more interestingly in a rainy climate than in a reasonably dry one. I feel that Mr. Greene, or any author, cheats a bit when he sends his man to perdition against a backdrop of steaming jungle, mosquito-netting, and pink gins. How much more honest (and difficult) is the task of creating character and action that will be credible in the common gray light of suburbia. I am sorry that Mr. Greene is so bent on being entertaining that he brings his story down to the meteorological level of "Rain" and "White Cargo." I regret also that at times he spices his tale too highly (for this puristic palate) with the melodrama of gem-smuggling and counterespionage. At his characteristic best Graham Greene sets an exalted table; he needs no exotic drapes or tropical chutney to make his work relishable to readers hungry for spiritual fare.

*Henry Morton Robinson is the author of "The Great Snow," and now has in preparation a 1,000-page novel entitled "The Cardinal."*

**THE AUTHOR:** To Graham Greene at thirteen Good and Evil were cleft by the green baize door which opened from home onto hated Berkhamsted School, where his father was the headmaster. Doubtless mindful of cousin Robert Louis Stevenson, he solemnly took the quill a year later, and in twelve months was published. At seventeen, bored, he taunted death by occasionally firing a revolver into his temple—presumably unaware that the sportingly-spun chamber's lone bullet was blank. Since then, save for wartime Foreign Service and ten coltish days at British-American Tobacco, his imagination has found less mortal expression: fantasy and poetry at Balliol, the verse volume "Babbling April," and, with intermittent offices as editor and cinema critic, nearly twenty books. Among his famed "entertainments" are "This Gun for Hire," "The Ministry of Fear" (both filmed), "Orient Express," and "The Confidential Agent." His novels include "The Man Within," "It's a Battlefield," "England Made Me," "Brighton Rock," and "The Labryinthine Ways." The last was sequel to "Another Mexico," his findings below the border after churches were suppressed. Another travel book, "Journey Without Maps," reported a Dark Continental walk from Sierra Leone through the Liberian forests to the coast. A confidential war mission in West Africa added jungle color to "The Heart of the Matter." Yet to be published is "The Third Man," a Viennese tale which Alexander Korda will screen. He is director of London publishers Eyre & Spottiswoode, but submits his own copy to Heinemann. Twenty-two years ago, on his majority, he was converted to Catholicism—through "an intellectual, if not an emotional belief." Tall, stooped, with bleak blue eyes, he is not incautiously called "complex." Admirers say he is shy, sardonic, sensitive, misanthopic, profoundly Christian, disdainful of the common man, who he believes can become uncommon, unaverage, unsensual. —R. G.



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# *Baltimore Boy-About-Country*

*THE MOTH. By James M. Cain. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 373 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

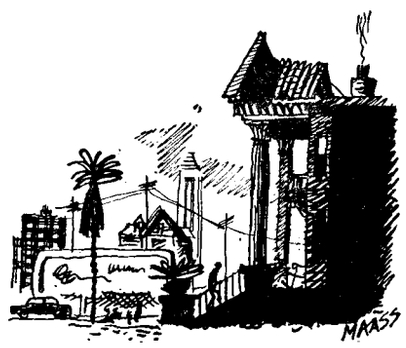
OCCASIONALLY James M. Cain writes like an angel—a slightly malicious, dyspeptic, and ribald angel with a lust for gore. More often he writes the way you think Rocky Graziano might if he were more literate. Cain's characters are never exactly lovable; they are not the kind you'd invite over to the house for an evening of bridge—although his protagonist in "The Moth" does wander into a California drawingroom or so, and he seems to make out all right.

But then Dillon is quite a boy, a kind of Joe Cotten type, big and blond and handsome, mixed in with a little Van Johnson impishness. Jack grows up in one of the respectable sections of Baltimore (Mr. Cain used to work on the *Sun*), and before you can say "Adeste Fideles" he is the blue-eyed boy soprano, with an engagement at Loew's State even. (Think of Butch Jenkins in these scenes.) Then, while the operator's changing the reel, Jack's voice has changed too, and he's playing a mean game of football for Baltimore Polytechnic and, later, the University of Maryland. Plus a few Sunday games under the name of Jack Healy for the pros.

Around now there's one mild little love affair with a respectable but temporarily husbandless mother who's considerably older than Jack. (I don't think of Fay Bainter; more, say, Dorothy McGuire with a few Westmore wrinkles.) All through here, too, Margaret Legg, who was Jack's little accompanist at Loew's, has been hanging around in the wings. She comes from a pretty well-heeled family, but you can see right away Jack doesn't care much for her. Little sister Helen, though; she's something else. She's also only ten when Jack's twenty. (I can't see *anybody* in this part.)

Then, suddenly, it's October, and it's 1929. Jack's on his own, trying to organize a pro football team in Atlanta; he doesn't succeed. You'd think he'd go home, but he doesn't. He can't. He's suspected of being too friendly with little Helen (though, naturally, he's not guilty). After that, he's broke, and he's desperate, and he's on the bum. He and his pals, Buck and Hosey, start out stealing food, and that leads to money, and, eventually, Buck's dead, and Jack's picking lemons in California. This takes us up to about page 200.

There are 173 pages and plenty of plot and characters still to come, including one of those fairly typical Cain women, mostly bad but oh so




beautiful, some quite exciting and authentic-sounding scenes in an oil field (sometimes I had the feeling I knew a little too much about the operating end of the oil business), a little on the war, which isn't authentic at all, and, eventually, a happy ending.

All this probably sounds like a lot for the money; it is. Perhaps it often seems a little Hollywood and corny (or am I being redundant?); it often is. Maybe you'll feel that too often in "The Moth" Mr. Cain takes himself too seriously. He does. And the rather high-falutin symbol from which he derives his title never comes to much.

But when Mr. Cain isn't pouring in too much philosophy, when he's doing what he does best, telling what it must have been like to be cold and hungry on a rainy night in the early Thirties, describing a fire in an oil field, letting you wonder whether that robbery in Las Vegas will ever really catch up with Dillon, then he's good. "The Moth" is hardly enduring literature, but it's hardly ever dull either. And certainly most of the dull novels floating around these days aren't really so very literary. They're just so boring you begin to think they *must* be.

# *A Vicar on Celluloid*

*ANOTHER YEAR. By R. C. Sherriff. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1948. 265 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE ESSENTIAL fact about Vicar Matthews of Woodbank parish, London, appears to be that he is excellent film material. This may seem a harsh or a superficial judgment, but what else can one think after having read Mr. Sherriff's account of the good man? For the second half of his history takes him to Hollywood, where his daughter Rosemary is to be tested for a part. As it turns out, the girl is not suitable—she simply does not click when the rushes are viewed. But something else happens, a miracle in that town of miracles (although the reader is somehow not terribly surprised). The vicar himself, who took a small assisting role to give Rosemary the comfort of his presence, has that indefinable something which makes for screen personality. It is he for whom the powers that be ask, when they have viewed the tests. Will he sign up, desert his parish for the worldly rewards of the cinema, become the star of "City of Spires"? If he does he will be able to buy outright a parcel of land that is the very center of his plans for the parish. He could do much good with the money. But when he returns to Woodbank and sees how his miserable parish has slipped backward in his absence, he knows that his presence is needed more than the money he can earn. "No," he tells them, mentally tearing up his contract, "I'm not going away any more."

I have not satirized this account; it is thus set forth, in utter gravity, for the better part of the novel. And this is too bad, because the first portion of the book has quite another tone. Vicar Matthews, when we meet him, is comfortably established in rural Little Stanton, one of the soft and lovely spots of England, surrounded by adoring parishioners and facing the gentlest of prospects for his declining years. But his conscience is ill at ease. Ought he not remember his youthful vows, to labor for the Lord in a "difficult" parish? Ought he not to battle for disputed territory somewhere in London's East End, instead of basking here in Little Stanton? It is a legitimate moral crisis, and Mr. Sherriff treats it sensitively, to the point where the vicar shakes off his robes of ease, has himself transferred to a desperate parish called Woodbank, in London, and comes to grips with brutality, where it lives. We have the materials for a fine, vigorous novel placed in a field of religious struggle. Then—the thing evaporates, the vicar goes to Hollywood, tastes of the fleshpots, makes his grand renunciation. There the story ends, diluted and inconclusive, the result, I should say, of an insidious fatigue that came upon the writer in the midst of his problem.



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## *Trailing Evil*

*INDEPENDENT MEANS. By Frank Singleton. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1948. 177 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY CARDOZO, JR.

IN HIS first novel Frank Singleton, an English newspaperman, has an interesting Gothic tale to tell but is so long in the telling of it that the reader frequently bogs down in the quiet English countryside about which Singleton writes with affection. At times one wishes the author would leave it and the delineation of English prototypes and get on with his story. This is concerned with the influence on a small English town of a thoroughly detestable "elegant" who, although he dies early in the book, leaves a trail of evil and hate.

Mary Jessop, whose nursing service during the war had brought her as far as India and Burma, has but one desire, to return to the quiet of her little town in the North of England and have her tea in the afternoon, her book by the fireside in the evening, and the devotion of her old friend Mrs. Fenwick. Mrs. Fenwick, an elderly woman quietly waiting to die, devotes her time to doing good—helping the vicar, the schoolteacher, and a lusty "animal" young woman who had fallen by the London wayside to be discovered by Mrs. Fenwick and led into the paths of virtue. If there is any rancor at all in her heart it is towards her grandson Ricardo, a spendthrift young man possessed of the devil. He has lived on the Continent most of his life, is an authority on art, a self-styled Man of the Renaissance, a bon vivant, and a wit. He is also suspected of being a collaborator during the war and is forced to return home to live with his grandmother for the duration. He is without question one of the most feline and malevolent characters in recent fiction.

**Frank Singleton . . . "a Gothic tale to tell."**

Bored with the North of England, he amuses himself by driving his grandmother towards an earlier grave while plotting to get the money at her death. Mrs. Fenwick, a chip off the rock of Gibraltar, outsmarts him, draws a new will leaving everything to Mary, and then obligingly dies the next day. In a towering rage Ricardo, uninvited, comes to live with Mary, threatens to hound the money out of her, tries to set the village against her. He gets on everyone's nerves so increasingly that the town longs for his sudden and violent end. Mary, completely unnerved by his insolence, decides to kill him but is denied the chance when he spites her and dies of a heart attack, supposedly while driving to London. Out of the way, his memory becomes as malevolent as his person had been before his death and the town continues to see below the surface. Mary, believing herself responsible for his death (she had learned of the power of the will while in the Orient), devotes herself to uncovering the truth about Ricardo's life and to discovering upon whose shoulders rested the awful responsibility of his death. Her inquiries lead her to Sir Vanbrugh Pratt, Ricardo's best friend, who had written a memoir of him in which he had pictured his life as rather exquisite. Together they pursue the story to its end. The reader can only wonder why they bothered.

## *French Medics*

*BODIES AND SOULS. By Maxence van der Meersch. Translated by Eithne Wilkins. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy.* 1948. 654 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ETHEL CAMP HUGLI

A FRENCH lawyer has performed the miracle of writing this long, readable, anguish-filled book about the daily life of a hospital—an astonishing performance for a man not of the medical profession.

Opening with the annual banquet and frolic of the Medical Faculty of Egalité Hospital in Angers, France, the robustious doings of the "medics" in the first few pages call for steady nerves on the part of the reader. The further blood-dripping details, the juggling of human organs, the dissecting table with its scraps of human flesh thrown into the garbage pail underneath (later to be blessed and buried by the priest), all this, so familiar to surgeons and medics, make a queasy stomach plunge.

The main theme, however, is the thorny path of the physician who is not a careerist, and the bitter end of the one who is. There's criticism, too, of the dickering between general practitioner and surgeon, the fee-splitters, the operation-chasers, the whole sordid business—with the gifted doctors, those who cannot dicker and bargain, left to struggle in restricted financial circumstances.

**Maxence van der Meersch makes "a queasy stomach plunge."**

The core of the story is ambitious careerist Jean Doutreval, famous neurologist, and his grown children: Michel, his student son on whom all his hopes are fixed; Mariette, the happy-hearted head of his widowed household, and Fabienne, studying nursing to help her father. Doutreval forbids Michel's visits to Evelyne, a tuberculosis patient in the free ward, then breaks with his son, who marries Evelyne and takes her to a sanatorium. Dr. Domberlé's dietetic method of deconcentrated food and its success in tuberculosis is too real to be fiction.

Mariette is married and her first labor necessitates a caesarian. Her father chooses as operator aging Giraudin, former wizard-surgeon and still influential although beginning to crack. Result, nightmarish butchery and death of Mariette.

Fabienne is given an important case, the influential *deputé* Guerran, her father's friend. She becomes his mistress. Doutreval, ignorant of the liaison, welcomes Guerran's promise of a polyclinic building where he can develop his schizophrenic treatment. Pregnant, Fabienne refuses an abortion, and Guerran's attitude disillusions her. Doutreval, learning the truth and all its implications, sees his ambitions crash. But after agonized travail he redeems himself at the end and there is a reconciliation with Fabienne and with Michel, too, when they meet in uniform at the general mobilization of '38. The book ends on a note of that fictitious relief felt by the French after Munich. Peace!



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# The World.

*The two reviews below suggest a profound historical moral: despite revolutions and immediate violence, historical change in the end is always gradual. From Fairbank's book Americans will learn much of the persistent pattern of China's curious past. And without such understanding our intervention in that country's affairs will continue to be catastrophic. Soviet Russia, according to Kucharzewski's study is, despite the Great Revolution, merely a new-modeled Czardom. The Communists, wrote Karl Marx in the vibrant words of the "Communist Manifesto" of 1847, "openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win." After a hundred years, has the new world of Marx been won?*

## *Our Seven Deadly Sino-Sins*

*THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA. By John King Fairbank. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press.* 1948. 384 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GORDDEN LINK

IN this volume John King Fairbank has performed a curious and impressive parlor trick. He has superimposed upon a skilful profile of China, presented with the pruned economy which features our newest literary type, a frighteningly stern platform lecture. The rabbit that jumps out of his silk hat is not only six feet tall; it flourishes fasces in one forepaw, hammer and sickle in the other. And the mouth of the rabbit, moving, tells of the danger to America inherent in China's present instability. Fulfilling the profile's avowed function, this book provides enough of the subject's history, behavior, physical peculiarities, philosophy of life, and psychological influences upon which to predicate appraisal and appreciation. But it also constitutes a scholarly dissertation on the urgent need for a revaluation of China by both of the strong young nations that reach for her with eager hands. Here is a carefully documented appeal to reason that our policy-makers must imperatively heed. Professor Fairbank has dedicated himself to the mission of providing the people of the United States with an understanding of modern China which they must achieve in order to avert the disaster which the ignorance we share with Russia is courting.

Introducing this sixth volume of The American Foreign Policy Library Series which he edits, Sumner Welles holds that those who assume 400 million Chinese "could be used today as the servile instrument of the Soviet Union, or of an American policy of containment of the Soviet Union, are offering the people of the United States no objective appraisal of the facts of present international life." Professor Fairbank revels in offering his readers just such facts of life. He makes them swallow the bitter pill of realization that the people of the United States have been committing at least seven deadly sins in seeking a new China policy:

1. Letting their "fear of totalitarianism, and a perverse uncertainty as to the future, nurture . . . a degree of mass hysteria."
2. Refusing to recognize why their nation is "falling behind in power politics."
3. Neglecting "the moral and ideological factor in social change abroad."
4. Refusing "to take account of foreign points of view."
5. Letting themselves be misled by American weekly magazines with "attractive pictures . . . capsulized news . . . and an editorial 'line' almost indistinguishable from propaganda."
6. Accepting a policy frequently so subjective "that its relevance to Chinese politics remained highly obscure."
7. Exaggerating their nation's "power of decision" in a revolution among nearly half a billion people. "It is not within the power of the American people," says Mr. Fairbank, "to bestow the Mandate of Heaven."

Those who read "The United States and China" must forego the smooth journalistic appeal of "Thunder Out of China" by Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby or Harrison Foreman's "Report from Red China." Mr. Fairbank's readers will tend to be those who have previously turned to such authoritative texts as Lawrence K. Rosinger's "China's Crisis." But he will ultimately reach far beyond his immediate readership. Lecturers on the Far East for the next ten years will be garnering his tersest phrases.

## *Your Literary I.Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

A BIT OF DUPLICATION

Titles of books and names of characters have frequently been duplicated in literature, often with malice aforethought. In the ten items listed below, can you name the two authors involved? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 14.

1. What French novelist and what American novelist entitled their works "The Human Comedy"?
2. Little Billee was the hero of a novel and of a poem, both by distinguished English authors.
3. The sad story of Isabella and the pot of basil was told by an Italian story writer and an English poet.
4. Barataria was an island ruled by a hungry governor in a Spanish romance and by a pair of brothers in an English operetta. Who were the authors?
5. Isaac Bickerstaff was the pen name of an early eighteenth-century satirist posing as an astrologer, then the pen name of another early eighteenth-century essayist posing as an astrologer, and finally the real name of a late eighteenth-century dramatist.
6. One early English novelist created a virtuous maidservant; another burlesqued his effort by creating her brother for his hero.
7. One English writer created a noble knight who wooed and won the charming heroine; thirty years later another English author wrote a burlesque on their married life portraying him as a hen-pecked husband.
8. In 1902 and in 1942 a couple of American ladies wrote novels which they titled "The Valley of Decision."
9. Peter Bell was the hero of a lousy poem by one English poet and also the hero of a subsequent burlesque by another English poet.
10. "David Copperfield" was the title of a book by a famous English novelist and an American humorist.



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## *Publisher's Gallery*

—*Drawn from life by Norkin.*

### *X: Robert L. Crowell*

"I HAVEN'T noticed that many people found they couldn't buy liquor because it's too expensive," observes Robert L. Crowell, who frequently hears that excuse applied to the commodity seventy-two-year-old Thomas Y. Crowell sells. "I'm tired of books being marginal among intellectual necessities. Of course, if every publisher worked in a bookstore one week a year, it would be good for us all."

There weren't any two ways about his career. As soon as he had his Yale A.B., in 1931, he joined the family firm. "My father used to try out children's books on me. When I was eleven he asked me what I thought of 'Radio Handbook.' I assured him that interest in radio was dying out. The book sold about 40,000 copies." He goes over the heads of his own three boys for current purchases. "We're dreading the day they start the comics. What a waste of time!" Good juvenile literature is part of the "four-legged table" into which he crystalized, and quintupled, Crowell's activities since he became president-treasurer in 1937. College and trade volumes are others, with reference books ("my secret passion") his sphere. For ten years he has been working on the Benét-edited fall release "Reader's Encyclopedia," spawn of the old "Handbook for Readers and Writers."

He reads a page of Greek a day—"It keeps me in my place"—, used to perform with a chamber music orchestra in Stamford, Conn., says, "If I ever write it will be on playing the violin badly." He has the lanken build of the seasonal skier and tennis enthusiast that he is, the thick brown hair of a lucky man. "My grandfather [T. Y.] said that publishing offers more fun and less money than anything else. I'm trying to get a little of both."—R. G.

As when he points out that Chinese tradition "has been not to build a better mousetrap but to get the official mouse monopoly." Or when he speaks slyly of "travelers who take to China, prefabricated, their later impressions of the place." Mr. Fairbank, like the hero of Cuyler Bunner's immortal couplet ("Old Shakespeare was a man of note / Who lived by writing things to quote"), has coined for tomorrow's commentators on China some of their most cunning cliches.

# *From White Czardom to Red*

*THE ORIGINS OF MODERN RUSSIA. By Jan Kucharzewski. New York: Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America.* 1948. 503 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HARCAVE

"THE ORIGINS OF MODERN RUSSIA" offers concrete evidence of the validity of the words Edward Cheyney addressed to the American Historical Association in 1923: "By no voluntary action can any great breach of historical continuity be accomplished." The original Polish title of this work, "From White Czardom to Red," is Kucharzewski's thesis in a phrase. Russian history to him is a continuous stream of aggression, xenophobia, barbarism, and tyranny; the Russian revolutionries of the nineteenth century, in fighting Czarist tyranny, involuntarily but inescapably became the image of what they fought.

The author, a Polish nationalist and historian now resident in this country, spent the years between the two world wars in the study of the genesis of Bolshevik Russia in Russia's past. Seven volumes, embracing the period 1825 to 1894, appeared between 1923 and 1935; the present volume is an abridged translation. Three more volumes, to bring the story to 1917, were almost ready when German bombers over Warsaw in 1939 destroyed Kucharzewski's notes and library.

"The Origins of Modern Russia" is an historical analysis of a problem, not a narrative; consequently its organization is topical. Kucharzewski's approach is through the study of the nineteenth-century intelligentsia and, among these, several key figures: the liberal Herzen, the novelist Turgeniev, the anarchist Bakunin, and the Marxist Plekhanov. In addition, the words and deeds of several reactionaries, among them the "pacifier" of the Poles, Muraviev, and the journalist Katkov, are dissected. Kucharzewski feels that, try as they might, the Russian intellectuals could not escape from their Russian heritage, that Western ideas took on a Russian cut in their hands; in fighting tyranny they could at best project only another kind of tyranny. For example, he says of the liberal "Westerner" Herzen and his dream of another Russia, which he called "the other shore": "Herzen's dream of *the other shore* [author's italics] is the Third International, with its capital in Moscow, in an embryonic stage."

Kucharzewski's work is certain to arouse anger among many persons who make the effort to read serious works about Russia. Anti-Soviet Russians as well as Communists will object to a monolithic treatment of Russian history. Many will resent the arrogant nationalism of the writer. Scholars may feel that the writer, despite his prodigous learning, has neglected contemporary research on many of the figures whom he considers. Some will question the labels which he attaches to well-known intellectuals. After all, objections are to be expected, for the history of ideas, though fascinating, is a treacherous exercise and its taxonomy can produce no final results.

The fact remains that Kucharzewski has produced a serious and important work. He has done what few contemporary writers do; he has employed historical perspective for the analysis of current problems. Consequently this work, which was completed long before the war, is more timely than many a current work on the USSR still damp from the press. Kucharzewski remembers that the world did not begin yesterday, that it will not end tomorrow.



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U. S. A. *Complacency may be the US's most dangerous enemy. This runs as a persistent theme through Duncan Aikman's recent "The Turning Stream." In it Aikman—who reviews Bert Andrews's "Washington Witch Hunt" below—wrote (and surely it is pertinent to the books reviewed below): "The USA people fell in love with the bigness of their operations, and above all with the bigness of success itself. They were so much the world's greatest nationalistic success story that too many of us nowadays come close to believing that nothing but success can happen to us." The "spoiled giant" complex, as Aikman calls it, will not overcome us as long as there are critical books like his, and Andrews's and MacIver's (reviewed below). The latter, incidentally, brings to mind Malcom Ross's excellent "All Manner of Men" on the wartime FEPC.*

# Un-American Activities

*WASHINGTON WITCH HUNT. By Bert Andrews. New York: Random House.* 1948. 218 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

THIS is everybody's book for awareness of political hysteria in Washington. And since political hysteria cannot happen in the American Government's centers of control, without danger to every American's security and liberty as a citizen, "Washington Witch Hunt" even more significantly is everybody's warning.

Not that Mr. Andrews writes like a man driving the hook-and-ladder truck down Main Street with the siren screaming. This is hard, terse, pleasingly unspectacular newspaper prose. Head of the Washington bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune* and winner this year of a Pulitzer Prize more deserved than some, Bert Andrews doesn't bother, as too many newspapermen do when gotten "with book," to step out of stylistic character.

In a quiet, toughly factual way, he plainly is excited about his theme. This includes the firing of ten State Department employees a year ago as "security risks"; the House of Representatives's Un-American Activities Committee's proceedings last fall—complete with bull-roarer and medicine men's public relations devices—against ten Hollywood film writers and directors vaguely accused of having tried unsuccessfully to insert Communist innuendos into the American cinema's art products; the strange case of Dr. Edward U. Condon, director of the Federal Bureau of Standards, who evidently neglected to let the Un-American Activities Committee dry-clean all his ideas and pick all his personal social circle for him. It also includes some self-justifications from FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover, and the even stranger case of William Z. Foster, chairman of the US Communist Party in the United States, trying evasively, in answer to an Andrews questionnaire, to create the impression that there is no more connection between USSR and USA "party line" than there is, say, between the GOP's Joe Pew and members of the "King Charles the Martyr" cult in England.

**"Bert Andrews doesn't bother to step out of stylistic character."**

Mr. Andrews lights up his subject largely by relating what happened, or what various people said, on the record. A great fraction of his book is made up, in fact, of his *Herald Tribune* accounts of the State Department cases. Some of these stories brought Mr. Andrews his Pulitzer award, and they deserve to be made permanently available on every American family's reading table, rather than be things one vaguely remembers having once read in some newspaper. Readers will have to pick up their excitement about the issues with which Mr. Andrews deals rather from the facts as he presents them than from any evangelical rhetoric of his. But this reviewer ventures the prediction that all mentally awake readers will catch plenty.

For instance, from the Andrews account of the job of expertly suave browbeating which the State Department did on one "Mr. Blank," fired from the State Department in June 1947 as a "security risk." "Mr. Blank," a personage already famous as a sacrificial character in American civil rights struggles, was obviously one of the State Department's top economists, working on European rehabilitation problems.

But when he was dropped with "potential security risk" on his official record, it was impossible for him, in any of his appeals to State's purging officers or in the official "hearing" which they finally granted him, to find out what he was supposed to be "insecure" about, or why.

Fortunately, "Washington Witch Hunt" does report some improvement over the depths of 1947's hysteria. "Mr. Blank" and the others fired with him were eventually permitted to resign without the words "potential security risk" going on their job records. A somewhat more sympathetic method was set up for hearings and appeals on similar future cases—though still without any rights being granted the accused to be confronted with the testimony against him.

In today's period of intense political struggle and whirling economic and social change, such cases are peculiarly frightening. To get through such a period at all, the US Government needs not only the best minds of the country in its service, but the highest possible flexibility in all its thinking muscles. And this kind of flexibility requires, not merely old-fashioned American tolerance for clashing views and opinions as to the aims of government and society, but a wider and more receptive tolerance to new ideas than even America has known before.

Bert Andrews's little book, simply by letting sense and daylight into the mess, is a newspaperman's public service outstanding in the history of American journalism. It comes with an even more powerful effect from a man who is personally a conservative. It should be read and absorbed by everyone interested in genuinely "un-American activities."

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Balzac and Saroyan. 2. Du Maurier and Thackeray. 3. Boccaccio and Keats. 4. Cervantes and Gilbert. 5. Swift and Steele. 6. Richardson and Fielding. 7. Scott and Thackeray. 8. Edith Wharton and Marcia Davenport. 9. Wordsworth and Shelley. 10. Dickens and Robert Benchley.



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## hrottlebottom Septet

*VEN BY CHANCE: The Accidental Presidents. By Peter R. Levin. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co.* 1948. 374 *pp.* $4.

eviewed by RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

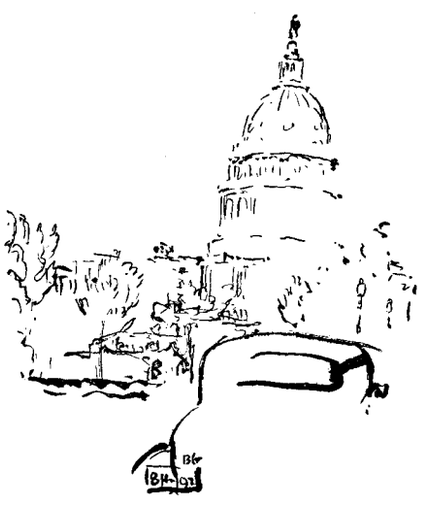
N that satirical musical comedy of two decades ago, "Of Thee I Sing," tor Moore created in the amiable, mbling Mr. Throttlebottom the epine of all the Vice Presidents of United States. For $20,000 a year . Throttlebottom presides over the iberations of the Senate, casts the iding vote in case of a tie, and is call in case something happens to Chief Executive. The accident that e erstwhile Throttlebottom now ocpies the White House and seems nost certain to be his party's nome this November led Peter R. Levin write this thoughtful and careful idy of the seven Vice Presidents io succeeded to the Presidency.

On the whole, Mr. Levin's septet e a commonplace lot: John Tyler, Virginia Democrat put into office the Whigs, who became a general thout an army; Millard Fillmore, e self-made man from upstate New rk, who had no discernible principle cept self-advancement; Andrew hnson, the Tennessee Democrat, who as bested by the Republicans in his tempt to carry out what he believed be Lincoln's plan for Southern renstruction; Chester A. Arthur, the bane and cultivated New York lawr, whose association with corrupt achine politics was to cause one llower to exclaim, "Chet Arthur, esident of the United States! Good od!"; the dynamic Theodore Rooselt, searching for a crusade to lead nen the hierarchy of his party was ol to such ambitions; Calvin Coolge, the Vermont Puritan, whose esence in the White House salved e American people's conscience durg their years of saturnalia; and arry Truman, the affable, modest umnus of Missouri courthouse polics, obviously out beyond his depth dealing with problems global in agnitude. None of the accidental residents, with the exception of T. R., ominated his time. The result is that ie political giants of each era—the lays, Calhouns, Stevenses, Conklings, odges, and Vandenbergs—steal the ow in spite of Mr. Levin's best efrts to keep them in supporting roles. Only T. R., in Mr. Levin's view, approached greatness, but the social climate of his period did not permit him achieve it. (I suspect Mr. Levin nderestimates the strength of the rogressive movement.) Coolidge existed as a public figure by reason of the society in which he lived; "when the society decayed his reputation fell." The other five were mediocrities, but they were not among the sorriest tenants of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue by any means.

For most of his book Mr. Levin, who was trained as an historian, writes judiciously and with an erudition founded on wide reading. When he reaches the Truman Administration, the immediacy of his subject seems to have rattled him a bit. In a section that takes up fully a quarter of his book he often writes loosely, as when he implies that virtually all Republicans are isolationists. While he carefully details the weaknesses of our policy toward Russia, he is vague in his concession that the Russian attitude has not been entirely enlightened.

The most valuable section of "Seven by Chance" is that in which Mr. Levin assesses our methods of choosing a Presidential understudy. He quotes the predictions Gouverneur Morris and William Plumer made at the time of the adoption of the present method of picking Vice Presidents—that nominations henceforth would be made to balance the ticket geographically and between political factions, rarely with a thought of the man's qualifications to be President. These factors governed the nomination of every accidental President. Since, on the record, the chances are one in three that when we elect a Vice President we are also choosing a President, the question is worthy of some reflection. Mr. Levin mentions a number of ways to improve the Vice Presidential problem, but clearly none of them appeals to him very strongly. In the end he winds up with the obvious but nonetheless sage observation that Americans ought to take more care in choosing Vice Presidents.

Mr. Levin leaves one point of current interest unexplained. Not until 1904 did any party feel obligated to nominate for the Presidency a man who had moved into that office through the death of his superior. What is it that now causes a party, the majority of whose members feel apathy or even downright disapproval for its titular chief, to give him the highest honor in its custody?



## *Battling Bias*

*THE MORE PERFECT UNION. By R. M. MacIver. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1948. 311 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WILL MASLOW

IN recent years we have had a plenitude of books deploring racial and religious prejudice, dissecting it causes, describing its ravages, but with scarcely a word of advice about overcoming it. Professor MacIver's book supplies this lack and offers an action program for controlling discrimination.

The distinguished sociologist begins his manual on social engineering by finding our country to be caste-ridden, with 14,000,000 Negroes, 5,000,000 Jews, 2,000,000 Latin-Americans, 370,000 American Indians, 300,000 Orientals, and 11,000,000 persons of Slavic and 5,000,000 of Italian descent, not fully admitted to the membership of the community and beset by social or economic disparagement. The caste line separating them from the rest of their fellow Americans rests not on native differences but on visibility factors which by and large cannot be overcome by achievement, by wealth, or by individual capacity. If these fissure lines in our society deepen, he warns, the creed, unity, and welfare of America are menaced. Professor MacIver then offers the penetrating observation that the most promising line of attack is not on the prejudicial attitudes which sustain this compartmentalization of our society, but on the discrimination which denies equal access to the opportunity.

The direct effort to change attitudes by brotherhood weeks, good-will rituals, the wide dissemination of the facts designed to refute prejudice, and other attempts at mass indoctrination are ineffective, Professor MacIver demonstrates, after reviewing recent psychological experimentation. Attacking discrimination, however, not only promises quick and durable results in promoting equality, but indirectly alters the social conditioning which gives rise to prejudice.

Professor MacIver then surveys the terrain on three battle fronts: the economic, the political, and the educational. He agrees with Gunnar Myrdal that the Southern white is most ready to yield precisely what the



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Negro desires most intensely — increased economic opportunity—and therefore urges concentrating on this weak spot in the enemy's line. He concludes rightly that on the political front nothing is as basic as the right to vote, a right which, when fully protected, will win for the Negro gains in many other sectors. He stresses on the educational front the time factor: the importance of educating school children to national unity before their prejudices become rigid.

His tactical suggestions are often as cogent as his lessons in strategy. While cautioning moderation in over-all programs, he is not frightened by such radical and spectacular maneuvers for a limited objective as A. Philip Randolph's threatened march on Washington, which led to the issuance by President Roosevelt of the historic executive order creating the wartime President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice.

In the field of tactics there is, of course, room for considerable difference of opinion. I would disagree with Professor MacIver, for example, that a fair educational practices law (like the Quinn-Olliffe statute recently enacted in New York) should not concern itself with individual cases of discrimination. Nor is it always true that we cannot look to the courts to do more than reflect community mores. The United States Supreme Court knocked the props from under racially restrictive housing covenants, although our state legislatures for years had refused to outlaw them and Gallup polls have shown that most whites favored such non-governmental zoning restrictions.

One important tactical question surprisingly enough is not even discussed. Should Negro leaders directly fight segregation *in the South,* the most strongly defended bastion of the caste system, or should they rather temporarily concede separateness and fight for equal facilities, aware that the South cannot afford a duplicate network of truly equal Jim Crow institutions? Each position has difficulties.

But these are matters of detail. The great merit of "The More Perfect Union" is that for the first time it analyzes, like a textbook on military strategy, the problems of winning the war against discrimination in America. Professor MacIver has made a significant contribution and pointed the way for many more detailed studies.

*Will Maslow is director of the Commission on Law and Social Action of the American Jewish Congress.*

## Personal History.

*The philosophical basis of Nazism sometimes been laid at the door of Friedrich Nietzsche, discussed below. it is hardly fair to dismiss a wild genius like Nietzsche on such grounds. I is it wise to condemn Gertrude Stein because she persisted in writing nonse By tearing away at the hardening boundaries of human thought, or of creative personalities like Nietzsche and Stein do thinking mankind a service. . . . We review below a sympathetic memoir of Miss Stein by W. Rogers, arts editor of the Associated Press. Miss Stein's last book, "F. Reader and Three Plays," appeared earlier this year, while last year saw opera, "Mother of Us All." And Stein fans should not miss last year's dist guished "Appreciation: Painting, Poetry, and Prose," by her brother, Leo St*

# *Protagonist of the Higher Immorality*

*NIETZSCHE. The Story of a Human Philosopher. By H. A. Reyburn. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1948. 500 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

THE life and philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche continue to fascinate disciples and critics alike and the list of works about him lengthens with every passing decade. In this country, for example, he has been made the subject of books by many writers, among them such disparate intellectuals as H. L. Mencken, Crane Brinton, and the late Willard Huntington Wright, the last of whom is better known as S. S. Van Dine.

What is the secret of this appeal? It was surely not Nietzsche's philology which attracted Mencken. (Of the two, the latter is by far the better philologist.) Neither as scholar, nor as poet, nor as philosopher, nor yet as essayist does Nietzsche stand in the first rank. It is obviously the philosopher's iconoclasm which sets the lure. There have been iconoclasts before, of course, and some of them have been philosophers, but none has broken his idols so recklessly on the field of morals. Many have rejected the cosmology and theology of Christianity, but most of these have retained the Christian ethic. Not so Nietzsche. This philosopher is the defender of decadence, the priest of nihilism, the protagonist of the higher immorality. This philosopher is the anti-Christ who climbs to the top of the mountain to vent his spleen upon the universe. This is the philosopher who says, with passion, popes not only err—they lie.

What circumstances combine to produce such a man and such a philosophy? To this question Mr. Reyburn, who is a professor of psychology at the University of Cape Town, addresses himself in this long and scholarly study which, incidentally, carr as its rather inapposite subtitle "T Story of a Human Philosopher." T answer is to be found in the int relationships between the life and t ideas, for of all philosophies Nietzsch is the most intensely personal o The author accordingly traces th interrelationships in considerable tail and gives us, in consequence, bo a biography and an analytical surv of the philosophy as it appears in t separate books. Nietzsche's childho in a household dominated by wom his school days at Pforta, his univ sity life at Bonn and Leipzig, his c tailed teaching career at Basle, relationships with his sister, his frien and his colleagues, his tepid roman with Lou Salomé, the lonely yea during which he poured his "crucifie soul into his books, the darkeni shadows which finally enveloped mind twelve years before his death all of these receive their share of tention. Mr. Reyburn offers in ad tion a brilliant comparison of Sch penhauer and Nietzsche and recites almost painful detail the tragic h tory of the friendship with Wagn

Although the book contributes not ing new to our knowledge of Nietzsch the author's careful analysis, his s briety of judgment, and, curiously, h reluctance to be overly impressed wi his subject all contribute to our u derstanding. Throughout he eschev the jargon of the psychological schoo and displays an interest which is muc more literary and philosophical tha clinical. He shows with an admirab competence that neither as a ma nor as a philosopher did Nietzsch ever quite attain maturity and tha his philosophy in particular, powerfu as some of its expressions are, is larg ly the product of a man who coul not sustain the loss of his adolescer illusions.



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# Doughboy and a Shepherdess

*WHEN THIS YOU SEE REMEMBER ME: A Life of Gertrude Stein. By W. G. Rogers. New York: Rinehart & Co.* 1948. 247 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PEGGY BENNETT

IF you look in the front of this book you'll see a wonderful photograph of a stocky granny seated on a stone ledge out in spacious air light and holding a sheet music copy of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," from which she seems to be singing lustily.

It is Gertrude Stein, victim of much vehement denunciation from artists, writers, and critics, and a shepherdess to many others. Set against this simple snapshot showing the ample haunches, the cotton stockings and simple button slippers, the nude neck and unadorned dress, the broad and eager face, the look of massive warmth about her, much of the criticism of her personality seems to thin and pale.

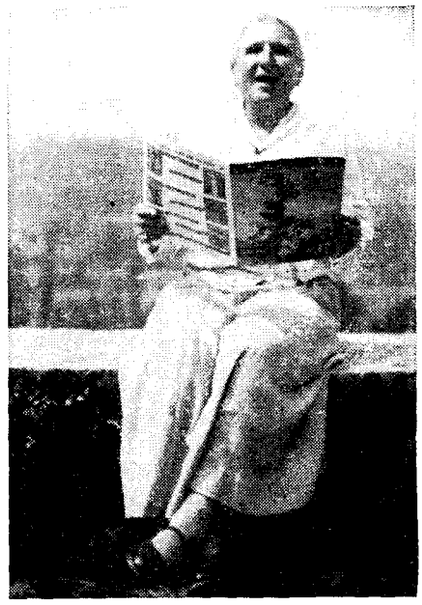
The rest of the book is as droll as the photograph. In the first chapter the author's youthful impressions shine everywhere, and it is like being exuberantly young to read them. Against the very real background of World War I France, doughboy Rogers meets, for the first time, Miss Toklas and Miss Stein.

> The sturdy and stocky Miss Stein walked with a slow deliberate tread, as if walking were more than a means of locomotion. Miss Tobias, slight, wiry, and nervous, moved with a quicker step. Viewed from the rear, it was tramp tramp tramp against a canter. . . .

He was on furlough at Nimes at the time, and was invited by the women, who were working for the American Fund for French Wounded, to tour with them, as he was an ambulance driver and should understand the character of their car. Miss Toklas, Gertrude's fierce protectress, "propositioned" him.

> I must not get in the way; I would sit on the floor with my feet on the running board so that there would be every inch as much room for Miss Stein as if I were not there. . . . I sat on a pillow, half out the open door, my knees up under my chin, and I crowded Miss Toklas but not Miss Stein.
>
> Across a completely charming countryside where the air had the tang of ripening fruit, and where white, chalky soil burst in brilliant splashes through the vivid, sometimes dazzling green of the foliage, we visited hospitals, beauty spots, monuments, and a battlefield where Caesar's legions had fought. We saw walled Aiguesmortes, which is dug into the edge of mud flats that slither off into the Mediterranean. . . .

It's no wonder that the good friendship budded and these personal reminiscences were made possible. Even better chapters are imbedded later in the book, in which real France is visible everywhere, as well as some full little episodes in which Gertrude Stein appears like a Mr. Pickwick. Visualize this automobile departure:



—*From the book.*

**Gertrude Stein . . . "warmth and playfulness, wit and babytalk, and benevolent big I."**

> Now Miss Stein was galvanized into action. . . . She shifted briskly in her seat. Both hands clamped down hard on the wheel, her whole magnificent torso stiffened, she leaned forward excitedly and her head dropped farther between her shoulders as a wrestler's might to guard against a stranglehold.
>
> That electric spirit charged all the rest of us, with the possible exception of Miss Toklas. Mrs. Kiddie laughed loudly. Pepe sprang to his feet and his ears perked up. I held onto the maps for dear life. Madame Roux wagged her apron. Louise called and waved and jumped up and down, and we shot through the gate.

The whimsical style of W. G. Rogers, the quotations and letters of Gertrude Stein, with their bland wit, buoyant foolishness, and the serious setting forth of preposterous acts and persons, alongside a delicate painting of France, make this book too full to be cut into more excerpts, and it remains on this level, never plunging. As the author is not one to kill the spirit of fun with thickening thunders of analysis, Freud and Marx only peek in through windows now and then. In fact, the most unsatisfactory stretches are Mr. Rogers's defense of Gertrude, reviving old quarrels, and his attempts to estimate her genius. These are the most unnecessary stretches, for the rest of the book, which is full of actual descriptions and her letters, answers the quarrels and estimates her genius much better than mere argument can do.

Obviously, Gertrude Stein was many things to many people. Her writing itself seems compounded of large failures and a few peaks of high success—but this is true of the best of writers. As for Stein's personality, someone like Katherine Ann Porter has publicly professed, after Stein's death, a haunting horror of her. Yet someone else like W. G. Rogers has been modest and indulgent enough to find her warmth and playfulness, wit and babytalk, and benevolent big I, traits of character both important and interesting.

# Phantasm

**By A. M. Sullivan**

MY SLEEP is haunted by blackberries when the hours of picking are over,
Dew-fed, sun-sweetened they hang in the shadowy groins of a chapel,
Where the light is prismed and sprayed by the gothic art of a spider,
New canes with venomous briars strike with the spurs of a gamecock,
And the trickle of sweat burns down the bloody ridge of the scratches,
A green snake friendly and small swings on a stalk in the thicket,
His curved head swaying in rhythm of hand and wrist to the bucket.
A cat-bird circles and scolds and brushes my cap with a feather,
Her nest in the wild cherry crotch is veiled by the tent worm's weaving.
The large berries purple and swell beyond the touch of my fingers;
I stretch for the highest cluster, and step in a ground hog's burrow
Spilling the dark-rimmed treasure in the thorny maze of my anguish.
Hands smarting in anger, I waken and smile at the tricks of the daemon.
The walls of the darkness are crowded with wraiths who walk to the kitchen,
And empty their pails and scratch for culls in a bustle of silence,
Till dimensions dim to a plane at the perilous edge of the pillow
And the blackberries dangle and fall beyond the reach of a dreamer
As languor seeps in the mind, and drowns the light's last fringes.



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# *Bangling the Language*

FOR some years, the popular impression has prevailed that the English-American language has been steadily expanding in range, variety, and color. Every so often we see impressive lists of new words which, with the blessings of the lexicographers, have passed into the bloodstream of the general vocabulary. But very little is said about the fact that many useful words are dying out each year —not because they lack value or vitality but because of increasingly lazy habits of writing and speaking.

For the fact remains that our language may actually be shrinking—despite the highly publicized stream of new recruits drawn regularly from slang, sports, entertainment, new trades, and current events. This shrinkage is represented by the loss of thousands of pithy, precise, essential words —words which, in a sort of Gresham's law applied to vocabulary, have been driven out over the years by flat, juiceless expressions. A recent edition of Shakespeare, for example, provided explanations for twenty-four hundred words* which had long since passed out of general usage. True, a large number of these words deserved to die, either because they were replaced by sharper, more satisfying words, or because they were strictly a product of their times. But this still leaves a fair number of words which are as indispensable to the language today as they were when Shakespeare used them.

Could anyone think of a better word for defining someone who steals house servants out from under the unsuspecting noses of his best friends than the word *slockster*? This is not slang but a lost word from standard Anglo-Saxon English. Is there a better verb to describe the act of pushing and poking about in a crowd than the verb *to prog*? Is there any excuse for using the expression "petty liar" when the correct but forgotten word for it is *fibster?* Is there any single word in use today that can express more readily the ability of the fingers to enable the brain to recognize objects through touch alone than the lost word *felth*? And what shorter way of referring to an unweaned infant than the old word *suckerel?* Or *taverner* for tavern-keeper? Or *nappy* for midday sleepiness?

If economy of expression is a virtue, then we have injured the language through the loss through disuse of such words as *flinders* (combining fragments and splinters); *janglesome* (combining nerve-wracking and quarrelsome); *lanken* (combining leanness and lankiness); *keek* (combining peeping with slyness); *maffle* (combining stammering and blundering); *sloomy* (combining dulness, laziness, heaviness, and sleepiness all at once).

Only sloominess in our thinking could be responsible for the fact that although we use the word "smattering" we have neglected the much more useful noun from which it is derived, *smatters,* to describe small matters or trifles. Similarly, we use the trite expression "smash it to smithereens," but overlook the word *smither,* an excellent way of describing a tiny fragment. The word "ungainly" is in common usage today but not so its affirmative opposite, *gainly,* a handy way of describing someone who is shapely, elegant, provocative. The word "same" has an equally useful variant, *samely,* which can be used instead of the phrase "always the same." We use "bereave," but what about *reave?* ("To *reave* the orphan of his patrimony"—Shakespeare's "Henry VI.")

IN the matter of precision, is there any one word that describes an attitude not so strong as the word dislike but stronger than the word indifferent? Yes; the word is *mislike.* Incidentally, there is a long list of other words which, combined with the prefix *mis,* make for an effective and lucid use of English. *Misproud*—proud for the wrong reason; *misgo*—arrive at the wrong place; *misexpense*—using money for the wrong purposes; *misbelieve*—to acquire mistaken convic-

*The working vocabulary of the average high-school student has been estimated at 6,000 words.

# *The Immortal in Nature*

**By Vernon Watkins**

I MUST forget these things, and yet lose none.
Music is light, and shadows all are they.
White is the fountain that begot the sun.
Light on the petal falls; then falls the may.

Sometimes the vulture sees his carrion
A speck on Ganges. White on Himalay
The snows ascend above the light of dawn.
Though distance calls us like a clarion,
How ancient is the voice our souls obey.

I tell my soul: Although they be withdrawn,
Meditate on those lovers. Think of Donne
Who could contract all ages to one day,
Knowing they were but copies of that one:
The first being true, then none can pass away.

Where time is not, all nature is undone,
For nature grows in grandeur through decay.
These royal colors that the leaves put on
Mark the year living in his kingly way;
Yet, when he dies, not he but time is gone.

Beethoven's music nature could not stun.
Light rushed from Milton.
See the Sistine ray.
There burns the form eternally begun.
That soul whose very hand made marble pray,
The untempted, mightiest master, holds in sway
The wrestling sinews death had seemed to own
And might have owned, but that they were not clay.



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tions; *mislive*—to lead a wasted life; *misfare*—to have things turn out poorly; etc.

If one of the proofs of a virile langauge is its ability to generate verbs with striking power and pithiness, then we have been enfeebling English by neglecting such trenchant verbs as *to tolter*—move with slowness and heaviness; *to strome*—walk up and down while pondering some decision; *to rax*—reach and stretch at the same time; *to bangle*—fritter away an inheritance by carelessness and stupidity; *to gowl*—weep in anger rather than sorrow; *to spuddle*—assume pompous airs in the execution of a minor mission; *to stodge*—overstuff grotesquely; *to thrump*—bump into people in a crowd; *to slorp*—eat gluttonously and with monstrous sound effects.

Picturesque, time-saving expressions we have bangled over the years would include *barrel-fever* or *jug-bitten* to describe the disease of alcoholism, or, even more directly, the noun *bouse,* which combines souse and booze. *Knee-crooking* is probably the etymological ancestor of the expression "brown-nosing," so commonly used in the recent war to describe self-debasement in honeying up to a superior. *Forswat and forswunk* is a good phrase to describe someone who is grimy and sweaty after he emerges from a long day's toil in the coal pits. The word *fluttersome* could hardly be improved upon for a picture of someone gadding about at a party talking with much emotion and little sense. The victims of such flutterers would aptly be termed *tirelings.* Those who can converse only by arguing and snapping and by exhibiting their tempers would be described as *toitish.*

In no branch of language is there greater need for endless reinforcements than the uncomplimentary reference. Consider these lost gems: *gowk*—an open-mouthed fool; *jabbernowle*—a slow thinker and a bore; *chuff*—a Shakespearian favorite to describe someone who converts his extra wealth into extra chins; *mome*—someone not quite arrived at, but well on his way to, the status of a blockhead; *sumph*—the same man upon becoming a blockhead; *scroil*—a slick, mean fellow; *bummel*—a small-time tramp; *dumble*—short for dumbbell.

Is it too much to hope that words such as these may be restored to the language? Far from it; we have only to consider that a large number of words which had virtually disappeared towards the end of the nineteenth century have been since rediscovered and are in common use today: *deft, blurt, gab, kindle, glower, glamor, hotfoot, grub, grip, malodorous, forbear, foreword, afterword, lush, reek, pixie, quash, runt, sheen, sag, sleuth, slick, snack, uncanny, tinsel, snarl, bolt, imp, tryste, sliver, slogan, kink, dump, croon, cleave, mole, monger.*

The value of new or rediscovered words is not that they add to the language but that they enlarge one's choice in speaking or writing with greater precision, suppleness, color. Certainly no one wants to be *word-ridden,* a lost but handy word describing a slave to words for words' sake. They used to tell the story, incidentally, about the English fishwife who looked on blandly when Daniel O'Connor accused her in court of being a perjurer, thief, strumpet, and procurer, but who put her foot down when he called her a parallelogram.

N. C.

# *Book Marks*

QUITE a bit can be said for the old-fashioned novelist who used to start off with, "It was a dark and stormy night toward the end of September 1754, and on the flat Dutch landscape" and so on. You knew where you were and when you were; you knew the time of year, the time of day, and the weather; the stage was set and ready for the actors. Mark Twain was not merely being flippant when he subjoined an appendix on "The Weather in This Book" to "The American Claimant." Many of today's novelists might do as much in all seriousness—preferably ahead of the text instead of after it. We recently read a novel that began without any weather—the first hint (page six) was the slamming of a screen door. At that, the season may not have been summer—perhaps the householder was just lazy.

* * *

"Since the famous surprise attack on the Russians at Port Arthur, two generations before, it had been an accepted principle of [American] military planning that when Japan started a war she would strike without warning or declaration." So writes Walter Millis in "This Is Pearl!," a panorama of 1941 so vividly and suspensefully set forth that the reader has to discipline himself not to peek to see how it comes out. (This reader, in fact, for the first time in his life, actually did read the last chapter first, and then began at the beginning.) Our present quarrel is not with Mr. Millis's conceded competence as a painstaking and fluent historian, but with the manner in which he plays around with that word "generation."

In the quoted sentence he is talking about January 1941; Japan struck at the Russian fleet off Port Arthur in February 1904. The interval is a few days less than thirty-seven years. A generation, then, by Mr. Millis's reckoning, is eighteen and a half years; he believes in early marriages. Merriam-Webster says that "a generation is usually taken to be about thirty-three years." Funk & Wagnalls "Standard" defines it as "the period between successive steps in nature descent . . . usually taken at thirty years in humans." The "Oxford English Dictionary," more lackadaisical with figures than it is with words, declares that the interval is "usually computed at thirty years, or three generations to a century."

Mr. Millis certainly knew the date of Port Arthur; he wasn't trying to cover up. Our guess is that he didn't want to pepper his text with dates, particularly dates not of pressing immediacy to his theme, and therefore dropped into his generational generalization. Dateophobia is a fairly common characteristic these days, particularly among our more chatty and chummy biographers and historians (in which company, be it said, we do not number so conscientious an operator as Mr. Millis). The theory, presumably, is that the inclusion of a lot of dates gives a book a textbooky aspect and that the idea of a textbook carries with it certain unpleasant connotations: a chore to be got through in a given time, a mass of dull factuality to be digested, and a considerable degree of ignorance or immaturity on the part of the reader. An alternative possibility is that the reader might feel insulted if the date were pointed out to him; yet again he might be a dope, so a fuzzy sop is dropped which he can gulp or ignore, as he chooses.

To hell with inferiority complexes—let's have the dates!

* * *

The participial adverb may not be a recent invention, but it seems to be going great guns at the moment—*boredly, tiredly, worriedly, annoyedly, absorbedly.* Horrible things! We always read them irritatedly.

* * *

We often wonder how many of Alfred Knopf's authors would come up with the right answers if pressed for an identification of "the type in which this book is set."

J. T. W.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Negro Literature

SIR: I am beginning to collect material for a thesis to be submitted to the English Department of Princeton University on Negro literature. I should be indebted for any suggestions such as a list of authors, reference material, etc.

PETER H. WALMSLEY.

1525 Elenore St.,
New Orleans, La.

### Stained Crimson

SIR: I have just finished reading Edward Aswell's panegyric to President Lowell of Harvard in his review of Professor Yeoman's biography [*SRL* June 5]. I should like to add a footnote.

There was once a shoemaker who went to his death with good reason to believe that Abbott Lawrence Lowell was something other than "a gentleman in the grand tradition and a great American."

There was once a poor fish-peddler who, in the short span of life left to him, could have testified that it would be a degradation of both philosophy and democracy to speak of Abbott Lawrence Lowell as "a practical philosopher of democracy in its most meaningful sense."

And there are many Harvard men who, since the summer of 1927, have thought of Lowell with something much less than "a flawless pride" and who, since that time, have felt that the Harvard crimson, of which they had once been so proud, had been brought by Lowell to resemble nothing as much as it did the ineradicable stain of the blood of Nicolo Sacco and Bartholomeo Vanzetti.

GEORGE SLAFF.

Los Angeles, Calif.

### One Touch of Nature

SIR: I fail to see why anyone should be at a loss to explain the wide appeal of the famous report. As Shakespeare put it long ago—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world Kinsey."

H. P. S.

Washington, D. C.

### The Croydon Experience

SIR: In reviewing "The Frieda Lawrence Collection of D. H. Lawrence Manuscripts" [*SRL* June 5], Mr. Moore says that I give "the wrong dates for Lawrence's Croydon schoolmanship." The dates I give, 1908-1911, are intended to be broadly, but accurately, inclusive. "E. T." (Jessie Chambers), in "D. H. Lawrence: A Personal Record," places his first holiday from Croydon at Christmas, 1908 (the end of his last term at college in the spring of 1908). In "The Letters of D. H. Lawrence" the last letter from Croydon is dated January 3, 1912. Four days later Lawrence was writing from Bournemouth; no further letters occur from Croydon, and, as far as I know, Lawrence did not resume teaching there after recuperating from an illness. A letter of December 17, 1911, reveals that a doctor had already warned Lawrence, still in Croydon, not to return to teaching. Thus I feel that the figures 1908-11 represent most accurately the span of the Croydon experience. 1912 would indicate to a reader more than a week, surely. On page 3 I use the dates 1908-09 to refer to the period of work on "The White Peacock," not the whole Croydon period. For the latter see 37, 40, 42, 78, 82, 83, 86, 117, 118. The review was a very decent one, but I feel it necessary to substantiate my dating.

E. W. TEDLOCK, JR.

Albuquerque, N. M.

### Jane Austin's House

SIR: Owing to the great generosity and public spirited act of Mr. T. Edward Carpenter, B.A., LL.B., J.P., the first and most important part of the scheme to restore Jane Austen's House at Chawton has become a reality.

The appeal launched in the letter to *The Times* December 7, 1946, had a large response from all parts of the English-speaking world, and resulted in the sum of £1,400 being subscribed; this would not have sufficed to buy the property, but Mr. Edward Carpenter, having become interested through the appeal, has bought the house, and has undertaken to hand it over in memory of his son, Lieutenant Philip John Carpenter, who fell at Trasimene on June 30, 1944, to such trustees as the Jane Austen Society may appoint.

The £1,400 collected will enable the most urgent repairs to be done, subject to the requisite permits, and may even provide a small nucleus of an endowment fund. It is hoped that members will not relax their efforts and subscriptions, but will enable the work to be put upon a permanent foundation as a national monument and museum.

DOROTHY DARNELL.

Alton, Hampshire, Eng.

### Clogged Pipe Lines

SIR: Partly, I want to agree with Mr. Canby's editorial "Pipe Lines to Hope" [*SRL* Apr. 24] enthusiastically. On the basis of a quarter-century of experience, the pipe lines to our stores of culture remain clogged chiefly because those who control the means of communication, churches, schools, and publishers, persistently and conscientiously refuse to open new channels to the ancient waters of life. The new channels exist and the people are thirsty. The fault lies with the self-appointed custodians of thought.

Our great need is the application to human beings and to human behavior of the same "scientific attitude," the same childlike and unjudging educability that has produced the breath-taking advances of theoretical and technological science. Nothing dare be taken as known. In particular the vested morality of the Seventh and Eighth Commandments needs careful reconsideration.

DONALD FAY ROBINSON.

Cooperstown, N. Y.

### Lines to a Reviewer

SIR: Would it appear to your bright, restless gaze
A crime
To ask you to eschew, just once, the phrase
"Our time"?

E. M. HALLIDAY.

Ann Arbor, Mich.



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# Poetry.

*So much of poetry today illustrates a philosophic or despairing attitude toward human destiny that it is a relief to find three new volumes of verse concerned with the elemental and changeless aspects of nature. Theodore Roethke, lyric poet and naturalist, finds magic and sentience in the humblest vegetable and exquisite flower in his "The Lost Son and Other Poems." Thomas Merton's "Figures for an Apocalypse" is the arresting work of a young Trappist monk who has taken the vow of perpetual silence. He defends with authority and humility the ascetic life and writes of nature with the awareness of the agrarian attached to the fertile soil. In another mood Laurie Lee, a new English poet, contemplates the seasons, the wind, the rain, and the landscapes of England. His "The Bloom of Candles" contains twelve poems of originality and artistry.*

## *Vigorous Swimmer in the Poetic Stream*

*THE DISPOSSESSED. By John Berryman. New York: William Sloane Assoc.* 1948. 103 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

JOHN BERRYMAN, in his first full-length volume of poetry, turns out to be one of the more vigorous swimmers in the poetic stream. In "The Dispossessed" he displays a talent and drive strong enough to breast the currents of our time, not seldom rising on the crests because of an uncommon sense of form.

Despite a growing reputation for acerbity in the field of criticism, Mr. Berryman's range as a poet extends beyond Swift's "savage indignation" to such sterling and delicate qualities as sympathy, directness, and sincerity; he can be powerful in several directions. As to those of his poems —particularly the later ones—which make their patterns like kaleidoscopes out of fragments of varying tone thrown together in seeming wilfulness—well, this reviewer "thought, and thought, and thought about it," and came up with this not-exactly-deathless quatrain:

> In careful form the formless sits
> Impassive, though the reader quits;
> For, if the reader fits the norm,
> He formless is without the form.

In his earlier poems, Berryman appears to be working his way through Yeats, Villon, Landor, Eliot, Auden, Hopkins, Rimbaud, and even Cummings (that neglected prophet); but most of all through Yeats. But Berryman, unlike some other "learned" poets, works through his own life and ours as well. Such poems as "The Statue," "A Point of Age," "The Traveller," and "The Ball Poem," for instance, appear in the main to deal with the universal personal feeling of aloneness and its concomitant need for all-one-ness. Later in this volume, "Parting as Descent" freezes a particularly painful experience in a highly effective short piece. "Letter to His Brother," a poem full of the terror and despair of our time, reminds us that, by and large, Berryman's poetry is somber. But just as one has come to believe that he has little commerce with joy, a successful love poem like "Canto Amor," with its fine lines—"descend (my soul) out of dismantling storm, into the darkness where the world is made. . . . Come back to the bright air. Love is multiform"—rejoices, and we rejoice with the poet.

Other poems would stand out as individual and memorable in any collection: "Cloud and Flame," "The Possessed," "Travelling South," "White Feather," and—among the more complex—"A Winter-Piece to a Friend Away." This last-named probably baffles paraphrase (as all good poetry should), but rings terrible and true. I venture to say that it will remind the reader of no other poem; it left me shaken.

**John Berryman "rings terrible and true."**

## *Exciting, Low Voices*

*FIGURES FOR AN APOCALYPSE. By Thomas Merton. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions.* 1948. 111 *pp.* $2.50.

*THE LOST SON AND OTHER POEMS. By Theodore Roethke. New York: Doubleday & Co.* 1948. 64 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD GRIFFIN

IN the first of these volumes an exciting young voice speaks out —a voice humble yet authoritative which communicates ideas that are simple and important. So arresting are these poems that I was driven back to investigate the earlier work of Thomas Merton, a book called "A Man in the Divided Sea"—and that in itself is good evidence of the effect of his writing. The restrained, intense voice here is that of a Trappist monk who, along with the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, stability, and conversion of manners; has taken the pledge of perpetual silence — an extraordinary paradox itself eloquent of the nature of this world. In "The Poet, to His Book," one of the few personal poems, this irony touches the author himself resulting in an effort to motivate and justify estheticism by religious evangelism of a moderate sort. For the evangelism, if one can call it that, of the third part of "Figures for An Apocalypse," although never blatant, lurks implicit and shows itself particularly in the revealing "Song of the Traveller" where the poet speaks of the "cities full of sorcery," from which one deduces he regards that "sorcery" as not wholly black.

Exhortatory both of himself and others, Thomas Merton writes many lines of a biting felicity and of great conviction. Less rousing but perhaps more effective in a quiet way are those lyrics that from contemplation of an external phase of nature move onward to an unhurried consideration of ultimates ("Landscape: Wheatfields," for instance). Since the Trappists are among other things scientific farmers, it is natural that agrarian matters—presented from a transcendental point of view—should play a large part in these pages. Awareness of a field, of an insect, of harvest is fixed at a moment of wild sincerity and sweeping passion.

It helps us to understand these

(*Continued on page* 26)



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# Seeing Things

## THE MAN WHO WAS LAMB

THE portion of the earth that Charles Lamb loved best was not green. He preferred cobblestones to grass any day. He was a city man if ever there was one; a cockney in every inch of his small person. The nightingale never released a song so sweet to his ears as the sound of Bow Bells. Had he been compelled to choose between Skiddaw and Soho, Wordsworth's mountain would have had no chance. The pleasure William found in a daffodil, Charles derived from a chimney-sweep.

He did not object to nature—for others. But human nature and the hum of city streets were his delight. Although, with Mary, he liked to venture into the countryside, for a while and as a break, even in the country he was a cockney on vacation. He dared to write to Wordsworth, of all people, "Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life." Nature to him was "dead"; London, living. The sun and the moon of the Lake District did not shine for him as brightly as the lamps of London. It was not the beauties of the outdoors which he found "ever fresh and green and warm," but all the inventions and assemblies of men in the congested boroughs by the Thames.

Few writers have described a city more affectionately than Charles his London. Few have outdone him in making strangers, both by the calendar and geography, feel like citizens of vanished times and places. There were scarcely any aspects of the metropolis he did not cherish. He, to whom much of life was denied, often shed tears of joy on his night-walks about London at encountering so much life.

He never tired of the lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; of the innumerable trades, tradesmen, customers, coaches, crowds, wagons, and playhouses; of "all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the very women of the Town, the Watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles"; of the city's pungent smells and very dirt and mud; of the sun shining upon houses and pavements; or of the print shops, the old book stalls, and the coffee houses. He rejoiced in the sense they gave him of London being a pantomime and a masquerade where life itself was at last awake. The city for him was at once a stimulant and an escape. Urbanwise, he lived on it no less than in it. He measured his fortune, good or ill, by his distance from the Strand. He was jubilant when, after one of their frequent changes of address, he found that the house in which he and Mary were then stopping was "forty-two inches nearer town."

The city he lived in, though a metropolis, was not for him a capital. Its government was an irrelevance; its politics nonexistent. An historian, hoping to find in Lamb's essays or letters some reflection of the great events of turbulent years, would be hard put to determine whether history had bypassed Lamb or he history. He lived through England's wars as if Europe were at peace. So far as he was concerned, they were undeclared and unwaged. He came to admire Nelson, admitted Wellington's existence, had no love for the early Hanovers, in a mild way championed Queen Caroline's cause, and was curious about Napoleon's height. But the French Revolution left no visible mark upon him, and, though he must have heard of Trafalgar, Austerlitz, and Waterloo, we never hear of them through him.

Did the younger Pitt die in 1806? For Lamb he never seems to have lived. Did "Buoney" threaten England with invasion? Did the Peterloo Massacre spill blood in Manchester?

—*Daniel Maclise.*

**Charles Lamb—"with his 'heart against this thorn of a desk'."**

Were trade unions allowed for the first time? Did the Prince Regent's marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert rock society? Were both the Roman Catholic Emancipation and the First Reform Bill passed? Contemporaneous as he was with all of these occurrences, Lamb was apparently the contemporary of none of them.

Unlike such of his intimates as Coleridge, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and Wordsworth, he had no interest in public affairs. Society for him was always a circle of friends and never the collective well-being of a community. "Public affairs—except as they touch upon me, and so turn into private," Lamb wrote to Thomas Manning, "I cannot whip up my mind to feel any interest in." By his own admission, he was deaf to the noises which kept Europe awake, and could not make present times present to him.

HE was as insulated against pontifical events as he was susceptible to human, literary, and gastronomic values. In his scheme of things "important people" were unimportant, and for him the "Great World" possessed no fascination. The bearers of titles, more than leaving him unimpressed, left him unamused no less surely than official leaders left him unled. A benevolent eccentric himself, he delighted in the benevolent eccentricities of others. The heads he prized were not those highly placed but those "with some diverting twist in them"; heads lightened by "out of the way humors and opinions."

His absorptions were personal, not public, and small-scaled rather than outsized. Covent Garden was his Buckingham Palace; the art galleries, his House of Commons; the book stalls, his House of Lords. Londoner, utter and complete, though he was, Lamb never felt, thought, or wrote as a citizen but always as an individual. He took the same pleasure in the "delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities and jests, and irony itself," that he did in the passages, sublime or melancholy, of his favorite old authors. If the oddities of authorship were dear to him, so were the oddities of people and places, and it was these which enchanted him in London.

The London through which Lamb trudged was apt to be two cities—the one he saw as a man, and the other he remembered from his youth. Accordingly, even when solitary, he seldom walked the streets alone. For the author whose attachment to the past was so great that he could ex-



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claim, "Damn the age; I will write for Antiquity!" London's past was superimposed upon its present. On his strolls he was attended by the shades of the boys and teachers he had known as a student at Christ's Hospital; by the ghosts of departed players or of journalists with whom he had worked; or by the figures of Old Benchers, long since dead, whom he had watched in his boyhood in the Inner Temple. These rose constantly before his eyes. So double was Lamb's sense of time, so eager his search for reminders of his "joyful" days, that, in spite of his best known poem, the "old familiar faces" were for him never "all, all . . . gone."

London offered Lamb a source of vicarious life. The city which touched and diverted him by doing so provided him with a release from both his "cold bed of celibacy" and his long years of confinement at the East India House. During most of his writing life, Lamb was a full-time clerk, a part-time author. He contended that his real "works"—"more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas left, and full as useful"—were the great ledgers he had filled day after day for the thirty-three years of his clerkdom, and not the printed volumes to be found at booksellers. There was little of the free-lancer in his nature. There could not be. His being married, as he put it, to Mary's fortunes meant that he was unable to run risks with his own. Instead of writing to live, he clerked in order to be free to write. Generous as he was in his gifts and loans to others, he could not afford to be without steady employment himself.

He was horrified when Bernard Barton confided he was thinking of giving up his job in a Quaker bank to live by his pen. "Keep to your Bank," he urged Barton, "and the Bank will keep you. . . . What, is there not from six to Eleven P.M. 6 days in the week, and is there not all Sunday?" For Lamb this was writing time enough. It spared him the insecurities of being a "slave to Booksellers" and "the miseries of subsisting by authorship." It meant that, when at last he was at liberty to write, his pen felt its "promotion." His writing was thus kept an escape from drudgery, and and so avoided being drudgery itself.

He was, of course, fond of seeing himself as a prisoner at the India House; of claiming that he sat there like Philomel all day (but not singing) with his "heart against this thorn of a desk." But he liked his job better than he guessed, and was lost when he retired from it. The routine of working at India House from ten to four at once supported and soothed him. It comforted him in his loneli-



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ness and appealed to what was essentially gregarious in his nature. He missed the friendly eminence of the high stool upon which he had sat for so many years. He missed not hanging his hat each day on the same peg. He missed the amiable ease of an office where, though he labored faithfully, he could still find time to write some of his best letters. He missed the companionship of his "old desk fellows"—his "co-brethren of the quill." He missed "the hot huddle of rational creatures." He missed, too, being able to excuse his habitual tardiness by such an explanation as "I m-make up for that by g-going away early."

The truth is he missed his chains. Like many another, he came to realize they had become a necessary part of his apparel. Nothing in his story is more poignant than the sadness which inundated him when, at fifty, his dream of liberty became a reality and he was freed from what he had thought was bondage. During the next nine years, until his death in 1834, he sensed that freedom in itself could be a bondage. He had lived so long "*to* other people" that he could not happily fill his own emancipated hours. Time stood still for him and was empty in its idleness. He lost the "Wednesday feelings" and the "Saturday night sensations" he had once known. To his despair he discovered he walked about, not to and from. Having all holidays, it was as though he had none. No Babbitt and no Dodsworth could have been more rudderless upon retirement than was this man, part Yorick, part Jaques, when he was at last freed by a generous pension.

His Yorick side is known to every reader whose knowledge of him does not stop with the "Tales from Shakespeare," "The Dissertation on Roast Pig," or "Dream Children." Lamb turning suddenly to Martin Burney at cards to comment, "Martin, if dirt were t-trumps, what a hand you would hold!"; Lamb crying out, "Wordsworth says he could have written 'H-Hamlet' if he'd had the m-mind!"; or Lamb answering Coleridge's question as to whether or not Charles had ever heard him preach in the days of his Unitarian ministry with, "I never heard you do anything else"; — all these are instances of his "punch-light" humor which, though familiar, have not become tired.

As a conversationalist, his stammer was part of his comic equipment. He relied upon it the way acrobats rely upon a net. He was a fellow whose jests were infinite, instantaneous, impudent, and deflating. He had the virtues, and the wisdom, of not being a continuous conversationalist. His stutter, like his discretion, made that impossible. His hatred for the "long and much talkers" was as lusty as theirs for him. He knew the value of silences, broken suddenly and unexpectedly, and, one gathers, of deadpanning his way to a joke. Pomposity he despised, dulness he abhorred, and seers he loathed when they were "seering."

TO be at his best he had to be among people he knew and liked. To strangers and incompatibles he was an enigma, if not an irritant. Carlyle, with his genius for fermentation, was never sourer than on the subject of Lamb. "A more pitiful, ricketty, gasping, staggering, stammering Tomfool I do not know," fumed he. "He is witty by denying truisms and abjuring good manners." Yet to Hazlitt, as to many another, this same Lamb was "the most delightful, the most provoking, the most witty and sensible of men. . . . No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen half-sentences as he does. His jests scald like tears: and he probes a question with a play upon words."

Among his friends, on the kind of drinking, talking, smoking evening which he cherished, his relaxation was to enliven the passing moment as certainly as, when alone, his consolation was to dream of the moments that had been. He had a reply—and an unanswerable one—for those who complained he was always aiming at wit. He said that to do so was at least as good as aiming at dulness.

Macready was shocked to hear Lamb confess at Talfourd's one night that "the last breath he drew in he wished might be through a pipe and exhaled in a pun." Lamb's fondness for puns was notorious. He loved them as much as all people dislike them who cannot make them. There is no such thing as stooping to a pun. There is only the challenge of being able to rise to a good one. Few cadavers could be deader or more emaciated than those occasional puns which, in his letters, Lamb quotes approvingly, pointer in hand, with the subtlety of a window demonstrator. Lamb, however, knew a pun must be heard, not read, and heard at the moment of its birth if it were to live completely or to be fully enjoyed. "A pun," wrote he, "hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack in it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavor than you can send a kiss."

That Lamb laughed and could make others laugh, everyone knows. But the nature of his laughter, the keen and enjoying manner in which he detected frailty, the amused details which un-



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derwrite his fantasy and are the basis of his reveries, along with the man who could be as realistic in his observation of men as he was in facing the unpleasant realities of his own life—these are what the sentimentalists forget who have tried to make him as sentimental as themselves.

Many authors suffer at the hands of their detractors; just as many (and no less cruelly) at the hands of their admirers. Lamb belongs to this well-nigh smothered brotherhood. He has almost been killed, not so much by his own kindness, which was true and very human, as by the bogus, treacly kindness which others have palmed off as being his. Thornton Wilder once described a modern playwright, addicted to cute and elfin phrases and marshmallow thoughts, as writing in the manner associated with Lamb by people who have not read him. This false notion of Lamb, with its attendant misunderstandings and proper revulsions, is a ghost which, worse than haunting the real Lamb, has all too often obscured him.

In his eagerness to canonize Lamb's palpable and radiant virtues, Thackeray may have dubbed him "Saint Charles." Charles, however, was the more of a saint because he was so much of a man. Although there are those who choose to bury him in lavender, to cushion him on sachets, and to confuse him with old lace, they do Lamb a genuine injustice.

Lamb could be sweet beyond comfortable endurance. He could be whimsical to a disquieting extent. He could dip his pen far too deep in syrup and produce copy, on occasions, which to modern eyes reads like literate valentines from yesteryear. These, however, were the excesses into which his tenderness led him. They were the expressions of his frustration, his regrets, his loneliness, and, in a way, of his period. Though full of sentiment, Lamb was no sentimentalist as a man, and only as an author when he nodded, which he was mortal enough to do at moments. That he was kind and that he was witty, everyone knows. But that he was both kind and witty at one and the same time has so surprised his admirers that some of them have overlooked entirely the sharpness of his mind and tongue.

In his letters, as in his talk, a spade was a spade. It was only in his essays that it became a shovel, a gardener's utensil, or something like Triptolemus's tool. When he informed Manning that Coleridge's wife was expecting a baby, did he do so by referring to "a little one," or "an addition to the family?" He did not. As directly as if he were a GI in the Army, he wrote, "Coleridge is settled with his wife (with a child in her guts)."

No one has written about childhood more tenderly than he. Even so, his was not the bachelor's idealization of all children. He knew that the young, like their elders, were either amiable or unamiable. He saw no reason "to love a whole family, perhaps eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately—to love all the pretty dears because children are so engaging." His phrase, when a sick child had at last been removed from his home, after robbing Lamb of his rest, was, quite simply, "The little bastard is gone."

He pulled no punches with his friends, and was much too good a friend to do so. His candor was as great as his charm. "Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge," wrote he, "or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness. . . . I allow no hotbeds in the gardens of Parnassus." No one ever derived more amusement from a friend's faults than Lamb did from those of poor, foolish, bumbling George Dyer. His letters about Dyer, like his references to him in his essays, are as full of mocking laughter as they are of love. Few people have played more knowledgeably, or with greater relish, upon human frailty than Lamb did when, by "beslabbering" a book Joseph Cottle had written, he so appealed to its author's vanity that Cottle forgot all about his dead brother in the next room.

Although by his own confession he could not hate anyone he knew, Lamb was terrifyingly aware of people's defects. Shelley's voice was to him "the most obnoxious squeak I ever was tormented with, ten thousand times worse than the Laureat's, whose voice is the worst part about him except his Laureatcy." Lamb's aversion to Byron's character was "thorough" and his admiration for his genius "very moderate." "He is great in so little a way" was Lamb's summary of his Lordship.

Once at Godwin's were Holcroft and Coleridge fiercely disputing which was better, *man as he was* or *man as he is to be?* "Give me," said Lamb, "man as he is *not* to be." If, in general, he was willing to take all people as they were, he was taken in by no one. His eye for human absurdity was as keen as his enjoyment of human oddity. Was it a poor relation remembering a birthday so as to drop in just in time for dinner? Was it a liar spinning fabulous yarns on a boat to Margate, or a fact-loving bore on the top of a stagecoach? Lamb saw their failings plain. His gentleness did not prevent his feelings from being strong. "Now, of all God's creatures," wrote he, "I detest letters-affecting, authors-hunting ladies." His loathing for booksellers was equally strong. So was his disrelish for the Scotch. Lamb was as "essentially anti-Caledonian" as ever Dr. Johnson was.

The fact—the fine, the beckoning, the all-conquering fact—about Lamb is that he could look "with no indifferent eye upon things or persons." "Whatever is" was to him "a matter of taste or distaste." He knew, as some of his admirers have forgotten, that he was "a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, and antipathies." Without these prejudices Lamb would not be Lamb. Nor would he be Lamb had he not felt and phrased them in a way so unmistakably and beguilingly his own that, though it has won him countless friends, it has removed him from the reach of imitators.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

*This is the second of a series of articles on Charles Lamb. In expanded form these will serve as the introduction to "The Viking Portable Library Charles Lamb."*

## *My Current Reading*

Our list this week comes from the Honorary Mayor of Waukegan, Ill., the stingy man with a fiddle, this year's "walking man"—in other words, **Jack Benny,** one of radio's most successful comedians.

PARTY FOR GROWNUPS, *by Babette Rosmond (Dutton)*

NEVER LOVE A STRANGER, *by Harold Robbins (Knopf)*

THE PROPER BOSTONIANS, *by Cleveland Amory (Dutton)*

GREEN MANSIONS, *by William Henry Hudson*

INSIDE U. S. A., *by John Gunther (Harper)*

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC, 1948, *edited by John Kieran (Doubleday)*

PARRIS MITCHELL OF KING'S ROW, *by Henry and Katherine Bellamann (Simon & Schuster)*



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poems to try to imagine something of the circumstances (sufficiently arduous) under which they were written. If we consider how rigorously every minute of a Trappist's day is charted for him, the question of *when* they were written becomes perplexing. Most austere of all orders, the Trappist manner of life includes early rising, abstinence from meat, frequent fasting, manual labor, a kind of communal solitude. All this, I believe, has a bearing on the *mystical practicality* of these poems, for very small matters of outward practice do undoubtedly possess far-reaching consequences. Thomas Merton would, I think, fervently agree with Blake's words: "Prayer is the study of art. Praise is the practice of art. Fasting, etc., all relate to art. The outward ceremony is the Anti-Christ."

Theodore Roethke is a poet whose verses are readable and extremely likable. Exercising full control of his medium, Mr. Roethke writes meticulous lyrics about the struggle of plant growth, the tissued beauty of orchids, and the accidia of office work. In the first section, subject-matter adheres closely to things horticultural with which the author displays intimate knowledge. Because of the delicacy of touch and breadth of implication these early shorter poems are, in this reader's opinion, the best. Speaking loosely, they have something of the mordancy and naive sophistication of a Chagall painting. Not that they are arch; on the contrary, it would be difficult to find poems more refreshingly direct.

Sensitive and intensely self-critical, Mr. Roethka speaks in low tones for the most part, but somehow he manages to see far into the life of little things. By some magic he seems able to penetrate at will the vegetable world; one has the impression that his poems themselves (so often concerned with the palpability of plants) represent processes of osmosis. And when he is writing about a flower—a carnation, for instance—he seems to assume the identity of it. Occasionally, as in "River Incident," we come upon vivid hints of atavism.

Although probably not a poet of great output or range, whatever Mr. Roethke writes reveals a sympathy for all forms of aspiration; it is a tribute to his skill that the consistent use of similar symbols in the first section does not become monotonous. No, one thinks, this writer has the power and integrity to confirm himself, although he never palls.

# *From Nature to the Imponderables*

*THE BLOOM OF CANDLES. By Laurie Lee. London: John Lehmann.* 1947. 12 *pp.* 3/6.

*LONG ISLAND TRIPTYCH. By Lindley Williams Hubbell. New York: William Morrow & Co.* 1947. 79 *pp.* $2.

*THE DEFEATED. By P. D. Cummins. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1947. 64 *pp.* $1.75.

*IMAGINE THE SOUTH. By George Woodcock. Pasadena: The Untide Press.* 1947. 40 *pp.* 50c.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

THE TWELVE poems in "The Bloom of Candles" are all influenced with a nature nostalgia that never descends to the ancient poetic device of nature worship. Laurie Lee, one of the newer English voices, is a careful, sensitive craftsman. The first poem, "Christmas Landscape," begins with effective and acceptable imagery:

> To-night the wind gnaws
> with teeth of glass,
> the jackdaw shivers
> in caged branches of iron,
> the stars have talons.

All through the twelve poems the images are daring, original, and for the most part justified. In "Thistle" ("blue bunch of daggers") the figures crowd too tightly upon the senses, but in "Summer Rain" the poet gives his rhetoric more elbow room, and the eye and the ear alike can enjoy with Mr. Lee when he writes:

I hear the sad rinsing of reeded meadows.

In this small sample of Laurie Lee's poetry, there is a promise of a new contemplative poet in a world of blatancy and intellectual posturing.

Lindley William Hubbell is a poet difficult to appraise, because he has never quite decided whether the poet or the philosopher within him is in command. The "Long Island Triptych" is a lively intellectual encounter because Mr. Hubbell is a well-informed person, full of a mental curiosity such as Ezra Pound exhibited in his "Cantos," and presented in a lyric journalism. The section entitled "Long Island Triptych" is a fascinating and often highly successful "tone poem" of three Brooklyn communities. The poem opens:

The Glory of God shines over Greenpoint.
The oxen of the sun
Tread out the darkness along Newel Street.
The first stenographer announces dawn.
The delicatessens open. It is day.

Mr. Hubbell parades a knowledge of astronomy, chemistry, history, philosophy, psychology in the casual manner of the brilliant conversationalist, and not the pedant. Yet this brilliance of mind gets in the way of the poet's ideas. It is such simple lyrics as "Mi Fei" and "The Blue Spruce" and rhymed interludes of the Brooklyn sequence that reveal the genuine poetic sense lodged within the philosophic rind.

In "The Defeated," P. D. Cummins reconsiders the imponderables which have been the delight and despair of poets and prophets since the first wink of identity in the mind of man. When Cummins attacks directly he labors the point in rhetoric, and overburdens his muse. In the less pretentious poems, where the problems of human destiny are touched obliquely, the poet is more successful, because he permits his reader to discover, to overhear, and to sense the larger meanings. The long poem, "Fantasia in Cell X," exhibits Mr. Cummins's talent in a freedom that is not observed in the self-conscious poems which dominate the rest of the book.

George Woodcock's poems are encased in a brochure illustrated in a modern nonobjective art apt to deceive the reader. Woodcock's poetry is mildly influenced by many of the faults and some of the virtues of modernism, but his choice of subject-matter is essentially the staple product of good verse-making. His poem "Waterloo Bridge," evidently written in London during the war, is an effective though occasionally didactic analysis of our emotions in times of conflict, with some shrewd observations on a world he considers bankrupt morally and spiritually.

This evening, I perceive, we are all dying,
We are all dying, like Wilde, beyond our means.

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## WORLD PEACE AUTHORITY

(Continued from page 8)

threat of war is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League." But in practice Article XI became merely another instrument in the hands of the great powers. It was not until the potentialities of atomic energy became widely understood that the "idea of community interest"—the community interest of mind—"in preventing and punishing breaches of the peace" became "an active and controlling" influence in the minds of men. Not until then was the community interest of mankind strong enough and widespread enough to provide a basis for framing a social rule and creating the instrumentality to insure its enforcement.

If Elihu Root were alive today, who can doubt that he would urge, in the name of the community interest, the speedy establishment of a world authority along the lines of the Baruch Report, a world authority which would enable all the peoples who share the sense of community interest to control atomic energy and all weapons adaptable for mass destruction?

Who can doubt that Root, as a lifelong champion of representative democracy, would discern the need for revising Chapter V of the United Nations Charter so that the present Security Council would be replaced by a true executive on the world level? Who can doubt that he would advocate an executive charged with the highest and most majestic authority so that it might supervise the activities of the various technical commissions and enforce decisions made on the basis of their reports, decisions which may involve action against breaches of the peace?

Has not the time come, now that experiments with atomic energy have educated mankind politically, for a world authority that derives its powers not from agreements between governments, but directly from the peoples of the world, acting through some device similar to the American Electoral College?

Once the foundations of "world law" have been truly laid and mankind has regained peace and security through the constitutional order provided by a world authority, it will be time to deliberate at leisure on the important, if secondary, issues involved in the debate between proponents of world government and the United Nations organization. But this is a luxury that we will have to forego during the next few years. Right now we are living in a period of twilight—in the few short years between the first experimentation with atomic energy and the outbreak of a conflict waged with finished atomic weapons. If we do not avert that conflict by the establishment of "world law" and a world police authority, it will prove to be the twilight of dusk. But we still have it in our power to make it the twilight of dawn.

*Sir Alfred Zimmern, internationally known political scientist, economist, educator, author, will return next fall to Trinity College in Connecticut for a second year as visiting lecturer in social sciences. Among numerous activities, he served as director, Geneva School of International Studies,* 1925-39; *adviser, preparatory commission, United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organization,* 1946. *His works include "The Greek Commonwealth" and "The League of Nations and the Rule of Law,* 1918-35."

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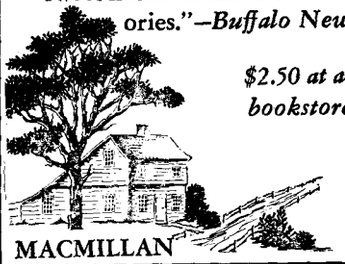

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## ANIMALS AND MEN

CONSIDERING the present state of world affairs one has a certain sympathy with the man who said, "The more I see of people, the better I like dogs." Dogs and cats and horses have always been a source of happiness to boys and girls. Stories about them have always been exceedingly popular. Watching an "obedience test" of dogs who are graduating from an obedience training, one realizes what a joy an animal can be who has decided, intelligently, to conform to the rules of a good society. And yet, the wild things who will not conform have an endless fascination. Here are stories of animals who maintained their freedom and of animals who accepted the dominance of man. Here, too, are some good adventure stories, and one biography of a great statesman whose chief concern is that men shall live in peace.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

*WILD HORSE. By Glenn Balch. Illustrated by Pers Crowell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* 1948. 338 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS story of wild horses in the Idaho ranch country is one of the best Westerns that this reviewer has ever read. It is not only that King, the wild horse hero, is so sharply characterized and so exciting. The human characters are real people, likable and convincing. It is the story of Ben Darby's devotion to a wild black stallion that he has watched in the range country beyond his father's ranch for several years. Ben recognizes early in the stallion a quality that will not be tamed to man's will. It is to save him from being trapped by a brutal "horse-runner" that Ben catches him, rides him gloriously once, brands him—and sets him free. The power of description that Glenn Balch shows in the battle between King and the old bay for supremacy in the herd and in King's long, frantic struggle to escape Ben and his friend, the Mexican gaucho, is exceptional. It has an almost epic quality. The long days of watching and following that keep Ben on the trail of the stallion are filled with detail, but it is detail that never slows up the action. Ben and King are both *characters*—the one patient, courageous, understanding but determined, the other proud, challenging, superbly strong. It is Ben who wins in the end. King is free, but on his shining flank he bears the brand of the Derby Ranch. Another outstanding character is the Mexican gaucho. Surely Glenn Balch must have once known this man. His every action and reaction are so consistent, his manner and voice and bearing so vivid. This is a thrilling tale for boys and girls —and for older critics who like horses. The sketches of Ben and King make excellent illustrations for a most rewarding story.

*GO WEST, YOUNG BEAR. By Elizabeth Hamilton. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Coward-McCann.* 1948. 95 *pp.* $2.50.

The famous advice of Horace Greeley applies here to a young bear whose name is Charles. His mother, Ursula, invented a bear salve which is sold to the animals by his father, Sad William. Charles has, too, an Uncle Horace who is very wise. Ursula and Sad William go off to market the salve, and Charles and Uncle Horace are left at home. But not for long. Charles discovers a book about Yellowstone Park and learns that in that happy country people and bears become good friends. He and Uncle Horace, who wants to cure a rheumatic paw, go West. This is the story of their adventures. It is an amusing tale, with many pictures and a happy ending.

*TICKTOCK AND JIM. By Keith Robertson. With illustrations by Wesley Dennis. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.* 1948. 240 *pp.* $2.

The mustang, Ticktock, got his name because Jim traded him for his grandfather's watch. It looked at first like a rather bad bargain. Even the horse-trader was dubious, and said that he would come back in the fall and see if Jim was still satisfied. But when fall came Jim's father, who had been disgusted with the "trade" and angry with Jim, admitted that he "would not swap that mustang for a whole string of horses." How Jim cared for and trained Ticktock, how he developed the town's "Pony Express," the adventure of the secret cave, and the tragic fire in the barn make a thoroughly good story. It is lit with humor and it shows a fine understanding of horses and of boys.

*JIBBY, THE CAT. By Felix Salten. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. New York: Julian Messner.* 1948. 177 *pp.* $2.50.

Jibby is born on a farm, but part of her life is spent in the forest as a wild thing. Later she finds a home with the schoolmaster, who tries his best to understand her. In this story Jibby and the dog, Tasso, are shown in their relationship to man and to each other. As a story it has a touch of both comedy and tragedy. It will probably appeal to anyone, young or old, who is interested in animals.

*MUDDY PAWS. By Dorothy Smith. Illustrated by Vera Neville. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* 1948. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

A lively tale of a "mut" lady dog who worked her way into the graces of a family and produced a son. The son, Punch, turned out to be a nuisance in some ways but even more ingratiating than his mother. His good and bad qualities and his training make an informing and often amusing story.

*STARLINGS. Written and illustrated by Wilfred S. Bronson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1948. *No paging.* $2.

In a format like "Turtles" and "Coyotes," with a drawing for every page, this tells the history of the handsome birds who were brought to America in cages in 1890 and released in New York's Central Park. It tells many other things about American birds. It will be appreciated for its drawings as much as for its informing text.

*WHITEPAW GOES NORTH. By David Grew. Philadelphia: David McKay.* 1948. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

The record of Dwight Courtland's quest in the Arctic for his dog who has been "shankhaied" for a dog-sled team. It is good story, with convincing characters and an excellent description of life in the Far North.

*THE HOUSE OF THE SWAN. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Kathleen Voute. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1948. 165 *pp.* $2.50.

Elizabeth Coatsworth tells this fascinating story in a romantic setting, an old house carved out of the limestone cliffs in the village



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of La Vigne in Southern France. The chief characters are an American brother and sister, twins, who come to France to stay with a cousin, who is an artist. It does not take Molly and Stephen long to solve the mystery of the strange, beautiful little House of the Swan. Before the secret is won they have learned to know the people of La Vigne: the grave, kind Curé; Marie, who keeps house and cooks the good French food for them; the shepherd boy, Etienne, and the good dog, Tais-toi. The "villain" of the story is the Steward of the Vicomte du Lac who, for his own reasons, wants to keep outsiders away from the House of the Swan. It is Stephen who finds the hidden passage and solves the mystery. This is an unusually good story, steeped in the atmosphere of the chateau country and its people. One of the most convincing characters in it is the dog, Tais-toi, who was "a curious looking but engaging creature with a sober, intelligent expression." Younger boys and girls will like the book for him and for the mystery. Older ones will recognize the skill and beauty of the writing and of the creation of atmosphere.

*KING'S MAN. By C. M. Edmonston and M. L. F. Hyde. Decorations by Avery Johnson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.* 1948. 281 *pp.* $2.50.

Medieval England appears in all its color and pageantry in the pages of this book. Henry, the brave and capable founder of the Plantagenet line of kings, rules in years of constant strife and warfare. Scotland responds truculently to English domination; Normandy struggles for her freedom; treachery and rebellion flourish among the king's vassals and even in his own household. Such turbulent times form the background for this story of William of Newbury, a wise and strong man and a loyal follower of his king. William's father deserts him, willing to forfeit his son's life rather than remain true to his king. Through kindly intervention William is sent to France as a page. There he lives until he comes of age; yet he never forgets England and the king. At the earliest possible moment he returns to England and devotes the rest of his life to his country and his sovereign. His adventures on the field of tournament, in the Holy Land, and at the merry and strenuous court of young King Henry make fascinating reading. The story of Thomas Becket, of court customs, make this a vivid and interesting historical novel. William of Newbury emerges a strong and vital character, one who will win and hold the admiration of young

—From "Go West, Young Bear."

people. Equally real and likable is the renowned Henry the Second.

RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

*NEHRU OF INDIA. By Cornelia Spencer. New York: The John Day Co.* 1948. 184 *pp.* $2.50.

During these last years India has often been in the forefront of history. She will undoubtedly play an important part in the framing of a new world. It is important, therefore, for us to gather as much information as possible about the country and its leaders. Miss Spencer's biography of Nehru is an inspiring story, beautifully told. The reader follows eagerly Jawaharlal from his happy boyhood to his present position of leadership. It is fortunate that East and West can meet in Nehru, who, with his Indian tradition and English education, combines the best of two worlds. A friend once aptly called him "the man of the future."

Some of the most illuminating pages of this book are quotations from Nehru's own writings—passages which are evidence of his devotion to his country, his statesmanship, his love for his family, his sensitiveness to the beauties of Nature. This is the story of one of the greatest political leaders of our time. It draws on many sources for its factual information. But the facts are never obtrusive. They are skilfully interwoven with the narrative. The characterization of many members of Nehru's family helps to make this a very human picture; his father, Motilal, his gentle mother, Kamala, his wife who shared with him in the struggle for India's freedom, his sister, Swarup, known to us today as Madame Pandit. All are seen against the background of India's fight for independence. The record of its fulfillment when freedom was declared on August 14, 1947, is deeply moving.

The epilogue tells of the murder of Gandhi—news that shook the whole civilized world. Full-page photographs of Nehru and his family add to the interest of this timely book.

BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

*THE ROSE FAIRY BOOK. Collected and edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by Vera Bock. Foreword by Mary Gould Davis. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.* 1948. 212 *pp.* $2.50.

There are stories, selected from the Gray, Brown, Pink, Lilac, and Orange Fairy Books that have their origin in the Romance languages. They are romantic fairy tales, and they are beautifully illustrated by a gifted modern illustrator. With its artistic cover-jacket and its rose-cloth binding, it is a book that any beauty-loving girl would like to add to her private library.

*MANUEL GOES TO SEA. Written and illustrated by Harvey K. Fuller. New York: Whittlesey House.* 1948. 96 *pp.* $2.

This is the short, quick-moving story of a twelve-year-old boy who runs away to sea. His uncle's ship, the *Magellan,* has been lost and Manuel hopes, while earning his living in the way most familiar to him, to find some trace of it. The climax is reached when, by almost superhuman effort, he manages to row to a distant ship seeking help for his companions when their boat is wrecked—and finds the rescue ship to be the *Magellan.* The scene is the coast around Gloucester and the fishing boats that go out to the Banks for cod and haddock; the characters are the Portuguese fishermen who live and work along the New England Coast as they lived and worked once along the coast of Portugal. The setting and atmosphere are created as much by the illustrations as they are by the story itself.

RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

*THE STEAM SHOVEL FAMILY. By Irmegarde Eberle. Illustrated by*


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*Connie Moran. Philadelphia: David McKay.* 1948. 187 *pp.* $2.

THE young Marlins and their mother were very proud of Mr. Marlin. They liked nothing better than to watch him operating his steam shovel in some big New York excavation. When he decided to go to California to visit his parents, the others were ready to make it a family adventure. The old car managed the journey only as far as Kansas—but the Marlins got to California. Mr. Marlin was obliged to go on ahead to earn some money, but Mrs. Marlin and Tressy and Pete did not sit idly and wait for him. They traveled, too, by balky horse and laundry wagon, wasting no time until Mr. Marlin could send them money to complete the journey in a conventional manner.

This is a warm, friendly story, filled with adventure and the realization of a little girl's dearest dream. There is a wholesome unity in the Marlin's light-hearted journey across our great country from coast to coast. Its humor and ingenuousness are effectively illustrated in the line drawings.

R. H. V.

*EVERGLADE GOLD. By Bert Sackett. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. New York: Random House.* 1948. 249 *pp.* $2.50.

AN offer of $50,000 for bringing in the first oil well in the Everglades attracts the attention of Jed Strong's father, a mining engineer on sabbatical leave from a Northern university. He gambles his life's savings on the venture only to run into continual resistance from the Seminole Indians. Jed, who has previously saved the life of Sharlo, the Seminole chief's son, is called upon to help straighten out the difficulty. Jed arrives in his own plane, and soon discovers that Sharlo no longer trusts him. It is quite evident that someone is actively plotting to arouse the Indians and slow down the work of the Strong outfit so that they will be unable to bring in the first well. Jed's plane is forced down in the wild Everglade country. Then his father is kidnapped. Finally Jed discovers that the seemingly harmless "queer duck" who has been studying the insect life of the region is really working for a competing oil company. Knowing who the enemy is makes it possible for the Strongs to overcome the difficulties and also win the prize.

This is an exciting story of the Everglades which tells a good deal about the locating and tapping of oil wells. Boys who are interested in airplanes, engineering, and adventure will enjoy it.

R. A. B.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN'S work lives after him, not only in his own books but in the thoughts and writings of those who, in agreement or disagreement, have been his pupils. His was a seminal function and power. He did not produce final answers to the problems of economics—there are few final answers in any field of knowledge, and certainly not in this one—but he examined older answers with inspiration, energy, and logic, and he proposed new theories and principles which have in their turn proved fruitful of constructive criticism. Most truly original thinking consists either in breaking down familiar associations of ideas or in associating ideas that have previously been strangers to one another. Veblen was master of both techniques. The result was what it usually is in such cases: he infuriated conservatives who had a vested interest in established doctrine, but he won to himself a growing band of followers. His leadership was stimulating and exciting not merely because of the radically new ideas he offered, but because his wit, despite the frequent awkwardness of his writing, was deadly to opponents. There were corpses where he had passed.

In "The Portable Veblen" (Viking Press, $2), Max Lerner has done well by Veblen and by us. The editor's selections are excellent and ample, while his introduction is informative, comprehensive, and judiciously critical. Here are the first seven chapters of "The Theory of the Leisure Class"; important portions of "The Instinct of Workmanship," "Absentee Ownership," "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution," "The Nature of Peace," and "The Engineers and the Price System"; with such characteristic marginalia as "The Higher Learning in America" and "The Intellectual Preeminence of Jews in Modern Europe." In his introduction, Mr. Lerner examines Veblen's background, social and educational, traces his career, evaluates his accomplishment, analyzes his relation to Marx, notes his frustration. He also underlines the lack which led Veblen to recognize "no dynamism except the economic," and "to care little about any values outside the technological." Skeptical of institutions, but believing in the essential virtue of man, Veblen went just so far in the development of his thought—a limit which Mr. Lerner accurately defines. This is one of the best and most important "Portables."

Veblen's primary aim, as Mr. Lerner says, "was the destruction of orthodox economics." Perhaps the most famous exponent of what we call orthodoxy is Adam Smith. His great work, as old as the American Revolution, may now be read in a "simplified, shortened, and modified" version, prepared by Arthur H. Jenkins: "Adam Smith—The Wealth of Nations" (Richard R. Smith, $5). I should have thought that anyone who wished to read this classic at all would wish to read it in full, and I cannot see the advantage of translating a workman's "kitchengrate" of 1776 into an "electric range" of 1948; but there is no doubt that Mr. Jenkins has done a job of simplification, and some readers will probably approve.

It would seem to be an age of shortcuts. What Mr. Jenkins has done for "The Wealth of Nations," Marshall McClintock has done for Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico" (Julian Messner, $5). Prescott's language has been simplified, his notes deleted, and his expansiveness abridged. Most notably, his long introductory essay—which may have put off some young readers, but certainly fascinated others—has been eliminated. But, in a work so obviously designed for little fingers, should there not have been a pronunciation table of Mexican names?

Readers who remember Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" as only a boy's book should read it again in the Heritage Press edition ($5), with illustrations by Hans Alexander Mueller. Dana's prose style is a model for its narrative purpose—vigorous, direct, unencumbered—and his views of California in the 1830's are fascinating. . . . The Heritage "Decameron" ($5), illustrated by Fritz Kredel, is a delightful edition of Boccaccio's classic—and one in which the devil is put into hell in plain English. . . . No American library is too small to hold "The Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence" (Doubleday, $1). . . . Two fine World's Classics "Doubles" are Meredith's "The Egoist" and Trollope's "Last Chronicle of Barset" (Oxford, $2.45 each). . . . Grosset makes a distinguished addition to its list with Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises" ($1.49).

BEN RAY REDMAN.



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# The New Recordings

## MUSIC FOR THE KEYBOARD

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| SCHUMANN, SCENES OF CHILDHOOD (KINDERSCENEN). Maryla Jonas, piano. Columbia MX 290 (2) | Good, natural piano; seems better than recent Columbias—but may be due to both music and playing. | A to B+ | So often these are treated as merely cute—this is serious, respectful, but not heavy-handed—couldn't be better. Outstanding work. |
| BRAHMS, PAGANINI VARIATIONS, OP. 35. Jacob Gimpel, piano. Vox 209 (2) | Again Vox piano rivals the best. Less live, less liquid than above, but a better bass, less percussive. | A— | Mid-period Brahms, with pianistic brilliance of brash early B. plus musical maturity. Fine, big performance, an outstanding piano record. |
| LISZT, HUNGARIAN RHAPSODIES. Shura Cherkassky, piano. Vox 175 (4 10") | Same fine recording as Brahms above, but Liszt doesn't record as well—more violent dynamics. | A— | Imaginative playing of Liszt whipped-cream-and-thunder, by a fabulous piano technician. |
| SCARLATTI, HARPSICHORD SONATAS. Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. Concert Hall B5 (3 *pl.*) (*Subscription only*) | Relatively disappointing—from this company: Wide range, but tinny, mechanical; harsh highs, bass lacking. Level over-high. | AA+ | Nine "new" sonatas including some extraordinary music. Excellent notes by Kirkpatrick. Brilliant playing, registration. |
| DEBUSSY, REVERIE; RAVEL, PAVANE FOR A DEAD PRINCESS. E. Robert Schmitz, piano. RCA Victor 12-0066 (1) | Not easy music to record: a good job considering. Rather live, some percussive peaks. | A— to B+ | Authoritative playing of two dreamy, deceptively simple bits of piano impressionism. Catchy melodies. |
| BACH, CONCERTO FOR TWO CLAVIERS IN C MAJOR. Manuel & Williamson Harpsichord Ensemble. Musicraft 52 (3) (*Reissue*) | Probably not engineers' idea—but 2 harpsichords sound elephantine, huge bass; orch. is almost inaudible! | B+ | One of Musicraft's biggest prewar blunders back again. A grotesquely unmusical performance, incredibly bad balance. |

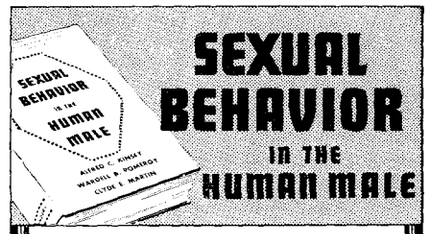
## MORE RAVEL—TWO CLASSIC MASTERPIECES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| RAVEL, RAPSODIE ESPAGNOLE. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor DM 1200 (2) | A gorgeously colored recording, rich in liveness, but with extraordinary detail—good for Ravel. Range seems increased. | A | The Boston-Koussevitzky team at its best, and Ravel at his most attractive. Definitive album. |
| RAVEL, LA VALSE; DEBUSSY (orch. Ravel) DANSE. Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner. Columbia MX 296 (2) | Recording unsuited to Ravel. Wider tonal range than above, but colder, more steely. Terrific brass, percussion, yet lacks all warmth. | A | Furiously accurate, but cold performance, matching the recording (left). Gives far more of actual music than any earlier recording. |

## RICHARD STRAUSS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| STRAUSS, EIN HELDENLEBEN, OP. 40. Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner. Columbia MM 748 (5) | Much more live than La Valse, above; and the sharper Columbia recording is well suited to Strauss, if not Ravel. | A— | Strange—Strauss's colder, more calculated Romanticism fares well with Reiner's somewhat chilly intensity! A fine performance. |
| STRAUSS, ROSENKAVALIER SUITE. Philadelphia Orch. Ormandy. Columbia MM 742 (3) | This is tops—a more satisfactory combination of liveness and wide-range detail than in Columbia's Pittsburgh recordings. | A | To my ear this summary of the opera is sickly-sweet though many will differ. Thoroughly satisfactory reading, no exaggeration. |
| STRAUSS, FEUERSNOT; LOVE SCENE. Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. RCA Victor 12-0289 (1) | Fine liveness, range adequate for brilliance, big bass, wide dynamics. Still, not top standard. | | Interesting excerpt from seldom heard Strauss opera; more German-Romantic, less highly colored than tone-poems. Lots of umph. |

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.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# the Phoenix Nest

### THE TIMEPIECE

THERE was a time when watches were a joy
To little boys who climbed their uncle's knee,
And listened to a solemn tock-tick-tock,
And held in childish hands a mystery.

You pulled a watch from out its pocket nest
Which always seemed too small to hold its prize,
A magic spring was touched, the case popped wide
And you beheld the dial with wondering eyes.

The watch was fastened to a heavy chain,
With golden links, it hung across his vest,
And once you found the way the crossbar worked
Your uncle then had neither peace nor rest.

And there were charms, a horseshoe, a stag's tooth,
High on a blue serge knee you saw them all,
Or on a rough tweed knee that scratched your skin
Where short pants stopped, you squirmed but did not fall.

How dull the modern watch today appears
Contrasted with the timepiece of those years.

HENRIETTE CLARKE.

* * *

The following comes from C. Storrm, of Two Palms Ranch, RFD Pala, San Diego Co., Calif.:

> As an interested reader, may I comment on your column of Jan. 31—that part that deals with Marjorie Bowen? When you state that the most familiar pseudonym of Marjorie Bowen is George Preedy, you are several books behind the prolific and astonishing Mrs. Long (Marjorie Bowen), for certainly the most famous pseudonym she employs now is Joseph Shearing. Mrs. Long (Gabrielle Margaret Vere Campbell Long is, I think, the correct name) is so prolific and expert that, whenever a new author appears on the scene, and treats us to a psychological "horror" story, done with that near approach to genius that is Mrs. Long's trademark, I for one am inclined to think that Mrs. Long is the author. In fact, this feeling is so strong that even in the face of photographs and publicity data, I *still* feel Mrs. Long is the author of countless books known to be written by others.
>
> Such a delusion is not remarkable, if one considers that Mrs. Long has written and published at least one hundred books—the majority authored by Marjorie Bowen (and "The Viper of Milan" is still a good book. So is "The Circle in the Water," and "God and the Wedding Dress" and very likely *all* the hundred, or is it more?, volume); in quantity, I suppose George Preedy comes next on the list. But surely Joseph Shearing, with fourteen volumes, I believe, to his credit, is the most "familiar" pen name of this amazing woman.
>
> Have you read "The Debate Continues"? It is Marjorie Bowen's autobiography, written by Margaret Campbell, which is one of Mrs. Long's real names. "The Debate Continues" was not published in America, to my knowledge. Heinemann published it in England, in 1939. It is now out of print, I believe. Some enterprising publisher should present it over here, because it is an important book—as terrifying in some of its scenes as anything Joseph Shearing has presented; and as enlightening and heartening in its love story (and what a strange attenuated story it is!) as anything you are likely to find.
>
> No, I do not lend my copy.

* * *

### BROOKLYN

The seamstress, the bookkeeper, the church-warden
In the Flatbush Section, Greenpoint, or Miss White's garden,
Reduce life to a neatness, love to precaution,
Lunch on a sandwich, and sleep with exhaustion.

WINTHROP PALMER.

* * *

P. Bracken, of 3762 SW Council Crest Drive, Portland, Ore., sends me:

> When I leaf through the fiction magazines at the newsstand, I often wonder whatever became of Mary Jones. And John Smith.

Names and the man I sing (and the lady forever)
In the good gray pulps; the perilous hoyden names
That quicken the slackening heartbeat, and titillate the liver
And sing like flames.

O Candy and Shandy (both sweeter and hotter than lightning)!
O Mavis and Travis and Kip, and the cream-skinned Lulie!
O Darryl (he of the lean, tanned jaw quick-tight'ning
And the crisped hair unruly)!

You murmur of Tristan, Isolde? Aeneas and Dido?
Avast and belay! Who dares hold a different candle
To Joni (or Toni)? Who startles the sleeping libido
Like a sailor with Dace for a handle?

Names and the man I sing (not to mention the lady)
In the bright-backed books close-snuggling, one to another—
O Rory and Glory! O Crystal and Shelly and Hedi!
O Chalice!
O Brother!

* * *

### CAREER NOTE

High up on the hilltops,
Authors have their homes—
In some scenic splendor,
Poets write their poems—
Hollywood contributes
That a writer's gypped
Without a knotty pine room
Standardly equipped
With bar and secretary,
With fireplace bedecked,
And trips to far-off places
For Rest and Retrospect. . . .

In a dusty corner,
Dismally I type,
The dog is barking madly,
The KP has a gripe.
Telephone and doorbell
Alternate with glee
And the children clamor
For one object . . . Me.

I'm competing gamely
With the radio,
Comes an inspiration
Suddenly I go
Dashing toward the staircase
Up into the gloom
And the sanctuary
Of a quiet room.
Comes a frenzied knocking,
Urgent-voiced demands,
My assorted household
Wants to wash its hands!

High up on a hilltop,
Deep in luxury,
Writers write their epics,
. . . Gee!

HELEN GORN SUTIN.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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*(Continued on page 34)*



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(Continued from page 33)

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# DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 746

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

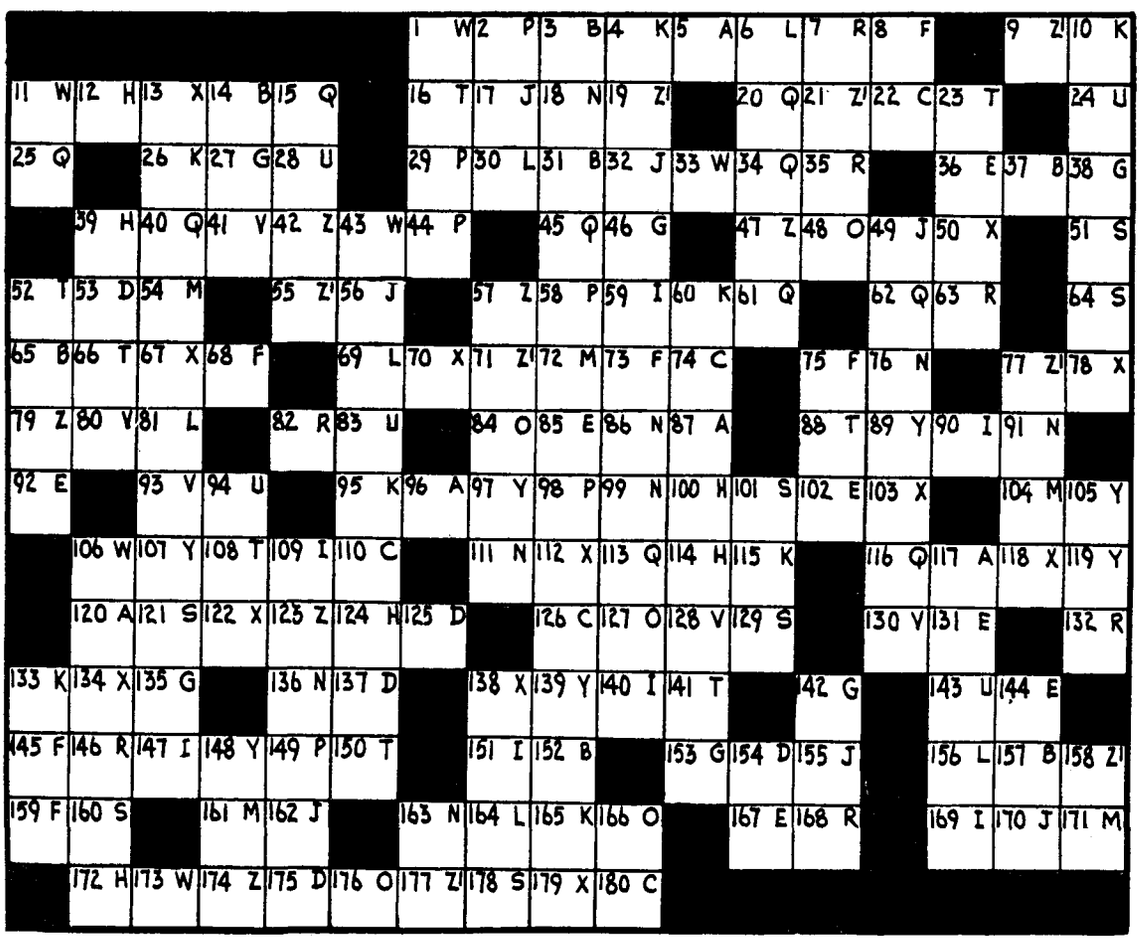
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. A mounted agent employed on a plantation. | 120 117 87 96 5 |
| B. Kind of jar or vase given as a prize in the Panathenaic festival (Gr. antiq.). | 31 3 152 37 157 65 14 |
| C. American officer, victor at the Battle of Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777. | 74 126 22 180 110 |
| D. An impure, flintlike rock, usually dark in color, etc. (petrog.). | 175 154 53 125 137 |
| E. Pertaining to one linguistic family of Mexican Indians. | 167 36 131 144 92 85 102 |
| F. Being; existence; essence. | 68 159 145 75 8 73 |
| G. A chateau wine, a first growth (claret) Médoc from the commune of Pauillac. | 135 27 46 142 153 38 |
| H. Removes the fastenings; opens. | 114 100 39 124 12 172 |
| I. An insular hill or mountain surrounded by an ice sheet (Esk.). | 59 151 109 140 169 90 147 |
| J. American Army officer, advocate of mechanized army (1884-1941). | 32 170 17 49 162 155 56 |
| K. Obtuse; dull. | 26 133 95 4 60 10 115 165 |
| L. Catches sight of. | 69 6 156 164 30 81 |
| M. Conqueror and colonizer of what is now New Mexico and surrounding country (1549?-1624). | 161 54 72 104 171 |
| N. Subject of a religious ode by Milton. | 99 111 91 136 163 86 76 18 |
| O. Silence! (Irish). | 166 127 48 84 176 |
| P. Foray; raid. | 98 149 29 2 58 44 |
| Q. A true fish (zool.). | 62 40 116 25 45 61 20 113 15 34 |
| R. To get in front of so as to hinder (2 wds.). | 82 7 146 35 63 132 168 |
| S. A fool. | 51 121 129 160 64 101 178 |
| T. To remain quiet or as in hiding (2 wds.; colloq.). | 16 108 88 141 66 150 52 23 |
| U. The King of Moab whose reign is recorded on the Moabite Stone (Bib.). | 94 83 28 24 143 |
| V. Symphony by Rimsky-Korsakov (1868). | 93 80 130 128 41 |
| W. Sum and substance; final issue. | 11 173 1 33 43 106 |
| X. To obtain an adva..tage over, fairly or unfairly (4 wds.). | 103 50 138 67 13 134 112 78 70 122 179 118 |
| Y. The flicker (U. S. local; comp.). | 89 119 148 97 107 139 105 |
| Z. For a short time. | 79 57 123 42 47 174 |
| Z. Jumble; medley. | 77 158 19 21 9 177 71 55 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*




**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 27 of this issue.**

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